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Lawrence and Future Generalship

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AMONG the many questions suggested by *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is one about the theory of war: how far will Lawrence's example affect the generalship of the future?

The great war of 1914-18 was an irrational act. Its sacrifices were rewarded by no corresponding gains. In the language of the street, "nobody got anything out of it". Economically it left even the victors poorer than before; and if the spiritual state of the world has been improved over that of 1914, so far that improvement has successfully concealed itself.

But not all wars have been irrational. On the contrary, many have conspicuously benefited their victors, for instance, our own unpleasantness of 1848 with Mexico, our innumerable Indian fights, the Prussian victories of 1866 over Austria and of 1871 over France which established the German Empire.

If we ask why 1914-18 cost so much and accomplished so little we can find many reasons unconnected with military theory. The appalling scale and intensity of the conflict are closely connected with the terrific, contradictory mass passions of our time and with the enormous power of present-day governments over the money, thoughts, and lives of their subjects. Again, our time does not understand the nature of peace, for the Treaty of Versailles is no true peace, having neither reconciled the combatants nor permanently destroyed the power of the vanquished to harm the victors. But when all these things have been said, there remains still another important reason: much of the irrational cost of 1914-18 was due to a faulty theory of war.

On both sides the generals had been trained in the principles of Napoleon, Clausewitz, and Foch. Of those who analyzed Napoleon's campaigns, the Prussian Clausewitz was the most influential because the most systematic and philosophical; the later Prussians down to Ludendorff and the later Frenchmen with Foch at their head all accepted his definition of the principal object of war as the "destruction" of the enemy's army. Of course destruction did not mean that all or most of the opponent's soldiers had to be killed, what was actually to be destroyed was the organization and cohesion which gave his forces their fighting power. Nevertheless, so much was Clausewitz impressed with the bloody Napoleonic method, that a certain confusion between military "destruction" and the actual, incidental destruction of lives and material arose in his mind and was exaggerated among his followers. For them the invariable means of "destroying" the hostile forces was battle. After winning, the victor could pursue the other objects of war, that is, he could seize the enemy's material resources and could gain opinion everywhere. In order to win his battle he must make every effort. His attack must be superlatively violent and must be delivered by the largest possible concentration of force. Everything must go forward rapidly, and success must be thrust home to the uttermost. Clausewitz wrote:

> That state which will not leave a stone unturned constantly to renew its mass of troops, which neglects no possible means of preparation . . . holds its forces concentrated at the principal point, – and adds to these preparations a decision and energy necessary to pursue a great object, – that state, I am firmly convinced, has done all that is possible . . . for the . . . war. If not absolutely unfortunate on the field of battle, it will invariably be victorious in the same degree as its adversary shall show itself inferior in sacrifice, in efforts, and in energy.

Educated soldiers indeed saw a certain contradiction between the principles of concentration and rapidity; other things being equal, a few men will be able to move more quickly from one place to another than many men. But in practice every army command did all it could to combine numbers and speed of movement. In obedience to Clausewitz the nations of continental Europe prepared for gigantic efforts and correspondingly gigantic sacrifices, conscripting all their healthy men of military age into armies whose numbers had never before been equalled. Almost everyone believed that the war when it came would be short – a matter of weeks and at most of months.

In the event, it resulted in a prolonged stalemate. For four years of trench warfare the armies were like two tuskless bull-elephants pushing against each other with their foreheads, slowly wearing each other out in a tense immobility. The end came through exhaustion, and the cost of exhausting Prussia and the other Central Powers has resulted in the bankruptcy of half the planet and in disturbance of the social order everywhere. Its enormous sacrifices have purchased no corresponding benefits.

Such is the background to all present-day thinking about war. On the other hand, for good or ill, war is constantly changing. In 1914-18 it was not what it had been in Manchuria ten years before. Still less was it like the American Civil War or the wars of Napoleon or the French Revolution. Every new weapon and means of transport or communication alters its outward form; every political and social change affects its objects and its emotional driving power. So with military theory: the principles and leading ideas of statesmen, generals, and admirals as they plan and struggle for victory are never quite the same.

During the war against Germany, while the trench stalemate in France dragged along, in one of the minor theatres a very different drama was being played. A British army, small in numbers compared to the earth-shaking hordes fighting in France, was trying to advance north-eastward from Egypt against a still smaller force of Turks. Smallest of all the contestants was a handful of Arabs allied to the British. Yet under an Englishman of personality and military talent this Arab handful, never more than a few thousand strong, was able to paralyze some fifteen times its own number of Turks — nearly half of the Turkish strength south of Damascus. The man who with his tiny force was able to contribute so much to the final, crushing defeat of Turkey was Lawrence. Upon his striking achievement some have thought to build a new theory of generalship.

Lawrence of Arabia, as he afterwards came to be called, was a strange and many-sided man. Lawrence was not his real name, and neither was Shaw which was the name he afterwards took. An artist in words as *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and his translation of *The Odyssey* prove, he was one of those eccentric Englishmen whose writings have so diversified their country's literature. His own character is something of a riddle; for instance there is a sharp contrast between his asceticism and his sympathy with certain disgusting practices common in the Arab army.

A natural leader, he was also a highly educated man, unusually well-read in military history and in the theory of war. As a schoolboy he had digested such books as Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, Napier's *Peninsula War*, Coxe's *Marlborough*, Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power Upon History*, and Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*, besides various ancient military writers and a number of works on ancient and mediaeval fortification and siege-craft. He himself has modestly written:

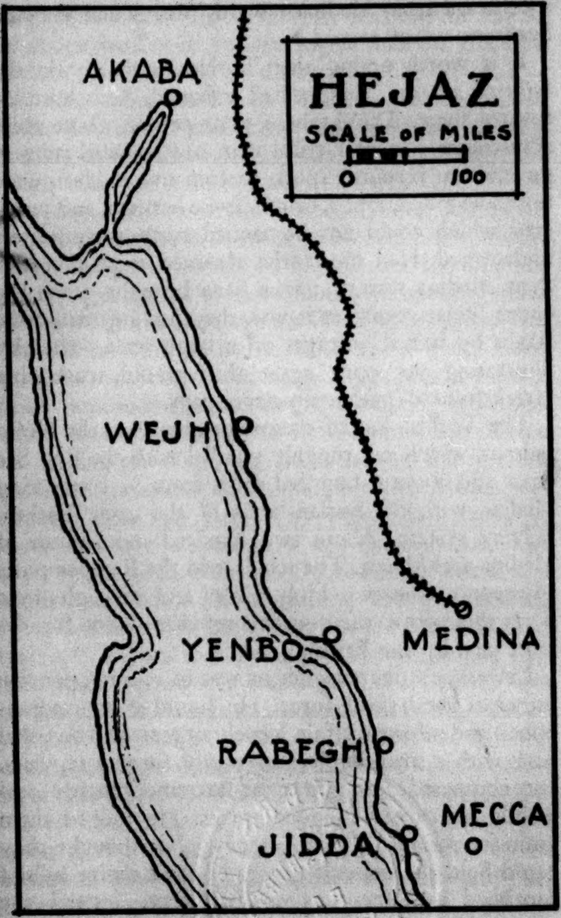
> In military theory I was tolerably well read, my Oxford curiosity having taken me past Napoleon to Clausewitz and his school, to Caemmerer and Moltke and the recent Frenchmen. They all seemed to be one-sided; and after looking at Jomini and Willisen, I had found broader principles in Saxe and Guibert and the eighteenth century. However, Clausewitz was intellectually so much the master of them, and his book so logical and fascinating, that unconsciously I had accepted his finality, until a compari-

son of Kuhne and Foch disgusted me with soldiers, wearied me with their officious glory, making me critical of all their light. . . .

Returning to this passage after reading the rest of *The Seven Pillars* and noting its author's conduct in the field, one finds the reason for Lawrence's disgust with the Clausewitz-Foch school in their exaggerated insistence upon battle with its consequent effusion of blood. Perhaps he also saw in advance the lesson which 1914-18 was to emphasize so bitterly: efforts and sacrifices carried beyond a certain point must result, even for the victor, in a worse peace instead of a better.

He himself says of his military studies: ". . . my interest had been abstract, concerned with the theory and philosophy of warfare, especially from the metaphysical side." After graduating from Oxford he had also had some five years of Near Eastern archaeology and travel – travel of an unusual sort since poverty had compelled him to mix intimately with the people so that he had learned their opinions, languages, and dialects well. Thus he prepared himself for his later success in understanding and managing Arabs.

In December, 1916, when Lawrence, twenty-eight years old and a second lieutenant, first reached Arabia the situation was as follows: In June of that year an Arab revolt against Turkey had broken out in the province of Hejaz – a coastal strip extending about two hundred miles inland from the eastern shore of the Red Sea and including the Moslem sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. The rebels had taken Mecca but had been beaten off from Medina and when Lawrence came the reinforced Turks were beginning to press


HEJAZ
SCALE OF MILES
0
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AKABA
WEJH
YENBO
MEDINA
RABEGH
JIDDA
MECCA

southward from Medina towards Mecca and the Red Sea ports which served it.

It is worth noting that Turkish barbarity in the fighting around Medina had inflamed Arab hostility toward them. The Arabs, a poor people whose chief amusement was inter-tribal war, had ironclad rules to govern that favourite sport: women and children were not to be killed, raped, or otherwise harmed, and property which could not be carried away must be left undamaged. Had the Turks observed these precepts, their Medina victory might have brought down the entire Hejaz revolt; as it was, they had infuriated the Arabs by bestial outrages on a large scale – thereby illustrating yet once again the age-old truth that "frightfulness" practically never pays.

The Turkish line of communications was the Hejaz railroad which ran roughly parallel with the Red Sea coast and about a hundred miles from it, connecting Medina with the Syrian limbs of the main Turkish railway system. About two hundred miles south of Medina was Mecca. The rebels held the Red Sea ports adjacent to the two Holy Cities and through these ports they drew their scanty supplies – sent for the most part by the British.

Lawrence's first assignment was to report upon the principal Arab field force. He found it an undisciplined and informal affair, loosely organized on a tribal basis with a small nucleus of newly formed regulars, but composed throughout of extremely hardy and mobile individuals in good spirits. He judged them unfit for serious offensive fighting but thought they could hold the difficult gorges of their native hills if furnished machine-guns and artillery. Instead the

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Turks presently advanced, severely checked the rebels, and drove them back, threatening to take the Red Sea ports on which the revolt depended.

At this point the British Military Mission to the Arabs, Lawrence concurring and perhaps already counting for more than his junior rank through his quickly acquired influence with the Arab Chiefs, took a bold decision. The rebels wished to retreat south-east down the coastline in order to concentrate defensively around the ports nearest to Mecca, but the Mission advised them instead to move about two hundred miles north-west up the coast against Wejh, another Red Sea port still in Turkish hands. Like many if not most moves in war, the attack upon Wejh was a gamble which depended for success on estimating what the enemy might do. If, while the Arab striking force was moving on Wejh, the Turks carried Rabegh and Jidda, the harbour-towns through which Mecca was supplied, then that Holy City would fall, carrying down with it the prestige of the Arab rebels. The revolt might then collapse. On the other hand, the British ships could do something toward covering Rabegh, could carry fresh water for the Arabs on their way to Wejh, and could support the attack upon that place with gunfire and seaplanes. Local success was morally certain because of the small size of the Turkish garrison. The capture of the town would increase the political strength of the revolt by stirring up new tribes as yet only passively friendly. Finally this new advance two hundred miles up the coast would permit the harassing of a correspondingly greater section of the railway to Medina so that the Turks, thus compelled to detach largely in order to keep this their vital line of communication open, would no longer be able to attack with the same vigour.

In the event, it was decided to attack Wejh, keeping the Turks occupied by suitable diversions near Medina, and the stroke was completely successful. During the critical phase the Turks did nothing; away from the railroad, their communications were difficult; they were inferior to the Arabs in handling camels; and were never free of anxiety as to the attitude of the always fickle Arab tribes in rear of their own advanced positions. Wejh was easily taken, indeed it fell to an Arab party landed from the British ships before Lawrence with the main force arrived. Its capture proved a turning point in the Hejaz war; thenceforward the Turks were too busy defending their railway and holding Medina to attack.

It was typical of Lawrence that he bitterly resented even the small casualties – not twenty killed – among the Arab landing party in their successful assault upon the town. He writes:

> To me an unnecessary action, or shot, or casualty, was not only waste but sin. I was unable to take the professional view that all successful actions were gains. Our rebels were not materials, like soldiers, but friends of ours, trusting our leadership. We were not in command nationally, but by invitation; and our men were volunteers, individuals, local men, relatives, so that a death was a personal sorrow to many in the army. Even from the purely military point of view the assault seemed to me a blunder.
>
> The two hundred Turks in Wejh had no transport and no food, and if left alone a few days must have surrendered. Had they escaped, it would not have mattered the

value of an Arab life. We wanted Wejh as a base against the railway and to extend our front; the smashing and killing in it had been wanton.

Wejh fell late in January, 1917, and about two months later a temporary illness gave Lawrence some ten days of unaccustomed leisure in which to estimate the whole Arab situation. There would be little use in taking Medina; its Turkish garrison, now immobilized, could do no more harm. Nor could the Clausewitz-Foch theory with its insistence on the destruction of the armed forces of the enemy in battle be made to fit the case. Let the books say as much as they liked, that victory could be purchased only by blood. Lawrence reasoned: "As the Arabs had no organized forces, a Turkish Foch would have no aim. The Arabs would not endure casualties. How would our Clausewitz buy his victory?" Yet since the taking of Wejh, the Arabs were indubitably winning, for nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand square miles of Hejaz territory were free of the Turks.

Since this was so, Lawrence ". . . was left still to find an alternative end and means of war. Ours seemed unlike the ritual of which Foch was priest. . . . In his modern war – absolute war he called it – two nations professing incompatible philosophies put them to the test of force . . . and the struggle could end only when the supporters of the one immaterial principle had no more means of resistance against the supporters of the other. It sounded like a twentieth-century restatement of the Wars of Religion, whose logical end was utter destruction of one creed, and whose protagonists believed that God's judgement would prevail."

Obviously this so-called absolute war would fit neither the Arab Revolt nor many other actual conflicts. ". . . Indeed Foch had knocked out his own argument by saying that such war depended on levy in mass, and was impossible with professional armies . . . to me the Foch war seemed only an exterminative variety, no more absolute than another. One could as explicably call it 'murder war'." The Arabs might kill Turks, but only "as a pure luxury". Their aim was not killing but only the driving of the Turks from the Arab-speaking lands with the least possible effusion of Arab blood.

If the Arab Revolt were considered not in Foch-Clausewitz terms but primarily as an idea, the idea of freedom, drifting about like a vapour, a gas, or an infection, then the mathematics of the situation – so many square miles of Arab land and so many Turkish soldiers available to hold it – made it physically impossible for the Turks to find enough soldiers to meet the ill will of the Arab peoples combined with the active hostility of a few zealous rebels. On the other hand, the Turks found materials – bridges, rails, machines, guns, and high explosives – harder to replace than men. Consequently it was better to economize the lives of active rebels, to kill Turks only incidentally, and to direct the Arab attacks chiefly against Turkish materials. To quote Lawrence again:

> Most wars were wars of contact, both forces striving into touch to avoid tactical surprise. Ours should be a war of detachment. We were to contain the enemy by the silent threat of a vast unknown desert, not disclosing ourselves until we attacked. The attack might be nominal,

directed not against him but against his stuff; . . . his most accessible material. In railway-cutting it would be usually an empty stretch of rail; and the more empty, the greater the tactical success. We might turn our average into a rule . . . of never engaging the enemy. . . . Many Turks on our front had no chance all the war to fire on us, and we were never on the defensive except by accident and in error.

Propaganda, *i.e.*, the gaining of opinion both among friends and enemies, was the decisive factor. "Battles in Arabia were a mistake, since we profited in them only by the ammunition the enemy fired off. . . . A province would be won when we had taught the civilians in it to die for our ideal of freedom."

Lawrence's next major decision was to attack Akaba, a port over two hundred miles north-west of Wejh. The new objective was at the head of the Gulf of Akaba which separated the Hejaz from the Sinai Peninsula where the Israelites of the Exodus had wandered. Its capture would link up the Arab rebels closely with the British, making the former a mobile right wing of the British army based on Egypt and operating against Palestine. The idea was highly individual; all the other British officers with the Arabs wanted to cut the railway beyond repair, isolate Medina and capture its Turkish garrison. Consequently Lawrence took with him from Wejh only a few important chiefs, an escort of thirty-five men, and twenty thousand pounds in gold to pay the new recruits to be enrolled among tribes hitherto untouched by the rebellion. In execution his move was as original as in choice of objective. Akaba was within gunshot of deep water; the obvious way to attack it would be from the sea with naval support, and all the neighbouring defenses had been designed to meet such an attack. Leaving Wejh early in May, he made a great circuit of some six hundred miles inland, recruited his expected irregulars, damaged the railway, and struck Akaba early in July from the land side, taking it with a loss of only two killed. The Turkish killed and prisoners numbered twelve hundred. Meanwhile the British in their unsuccessful attempts in March and April to take Gaza had put only seventeen hundred Turks permanently out of action at an expense of three thousand permanent losses to themselves.

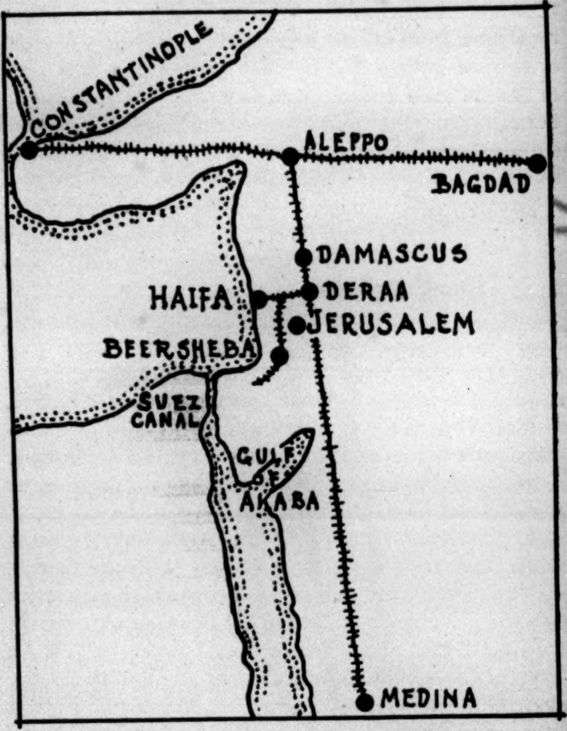
During the Akaba operation Lawrence's extreme desire to avoid casualties was again in evidence. With about a hundred irregular Arab camelry he discovered a detachment of some two hundred Turkish infantry mounted on mules. The Arabs wanted to attack, assuring him that a camel charge against men on horses or mules always won easily, even against greater odds, and would probably cost only five or six rebels their lives. Lawrence refused; Akaba was his vital objective, and to take it he might need his last rifle. Also he feared lest his Arabs, if they captured the Turkish mules, might be content with so fine a booty, lose interest in the campaign, and go home.

After the capture of Akaba, which became the chief Arab base, Lawrence and his rebels, now cooperating closely with the British Egyptian army, received a correspondingly greater measure of British support. This he used on the same lines as heretofore. "In character our operations . . . should be like naval war in mobility, ubiquity, independence of bases and communications. . . ." Recalling Francis Bacon's maxim:

"He who commands the sea is at great liberty, and can take as much or as little of the war as he will", he continued: ". . . we commanded the desert. Camel raiding parties, self-contained like ships, might cruise confidently along the enemy's cultivation-frontier, sure of an unhindered retreat into their desert-element which the Turks could not explore."

Everything turned on the desert men's mastery of the camel, together with their frugality and endurance of hardship. Strangely enough, since artillery would have weighted his lightly armed raiders, Lawrence ardently desired guns, saying: "In manoeuvre war one long-range gun outweighed ninety-nine short." But none were forthcoming until just before the end. On at least one occasion Stokes mortars proved effective. Explosives for railway demolitions and light machine-guns for tip-and-run skirmishes were now plentiful. Every stroke must be rapid, depending on surprise; no advantage could be followed up.

The concluding phase of the Arab revolt, during which the rebels cooperated closely with the British, was marked by the one occasion on which Lawrence deliberately chose to fight with little other object than the destruction of the hostile force immediately in his front. This skirmish – one can hardly dignify by the name of battle a combat of six hundred Arabs against a thousand Turks – was fought at the town of Tafileh some fifteen miles south-east from the southern end of the Dead Sea. Here he scored a crushing success by a skillful double envelopment, lapping around both hostile flanks after a fashion not entirely unlike a miniature Cannae. Again his comments are characteristic. He calls the combat unnecessary, apologizing on the


CONSTANTINOPLE
ALEPPO
BAGDAD
DAMASCUS
HAIFA
DERAA
JERUSALEM
BEERSHEBA
SUEZ CANAL
GULF OF AKABA
MEDINA

RAILROADS OF ASIATIC TURKEY

ground of bad temper and vainglory for accepting it. Summing up the affair, he writes:

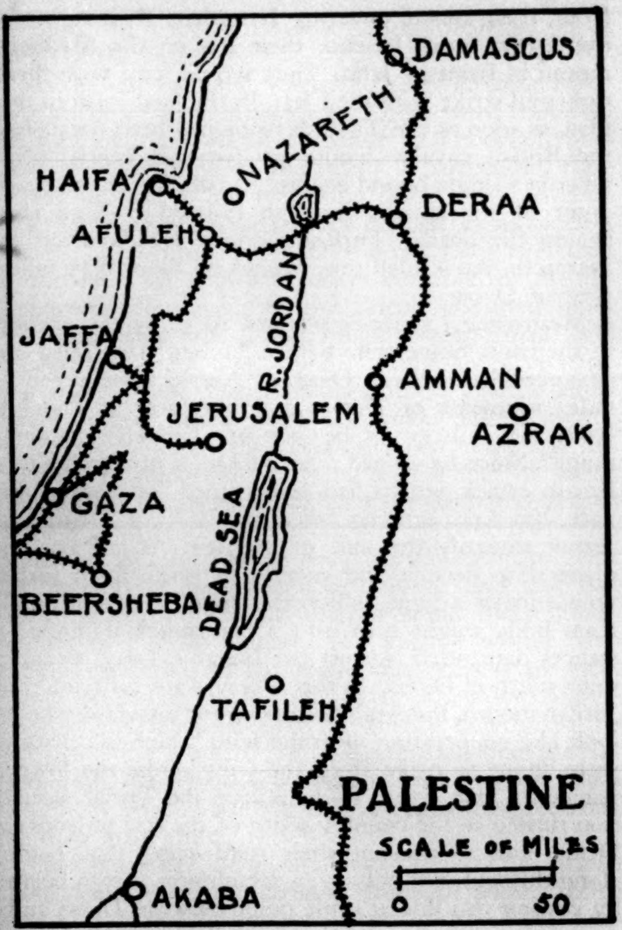
> By my decision to fight I had killed twenty or thirty of our six hundred men, and the wounded would be perhaps three times as many. It was one-sixth of our force gone on a verbal triumph, for the destruction of this thousand poor Turks would not affect the issue of the war. . . . Nothing came of all the loss and effort except a report which I sent . . . to . . . British headquarters . . . for the Staff's consumption. It was meanly written for effect, full of quaint similes and mock simplicities, and made them think me a modest amateur, doing his best after the great models; not a clown, leering after them where they with Foch, bandmaster, at their head went drumming down the road of effusion of blood into the house of Clausewitz. Like the battle it was a . . . parody of regulation use. . . . Only three days later our honour was partially redeemed by a good and serious thing. . . .

By this he means the stoppage of the Turkish boat traffic on the Dead Sea which had carried grain to the main Turkish army opposing the British. By a sudden charge just at daylight an Arab detachment surprised the crews of the hostile flotilla asleep on shore, captured them, and destroyed the shipping without losing a man.

To understand Lawrence's part in the final British victory in Palestine the reader must know something of the local railways. Those of Asiatic Turkey have been aptly likened to a huge T, with the intersection of the crossbar and the down-stroke at the North Syrian city of Aleppo. Allowing for certain gaps, the left half of the crossbar went westward from Aleppo across Cilicia and Asia Minor to the Bosphorus opposite Constantinople, while the right half – again with gaps — stretched eastward into Mesopotamia. The lower half of the down-stroke was the Hejaz railway, ending as we have seen at Medina. The Palestinian system formed a second, smaller T whose crossbar left the Aleppo-Medina line at Deraa, about sixty miles south of Damascus, and ran westward to the Mediterranean which it reached at Haifa. The down-stroke of this second T left the Deraa-Haifa line at Afuleh near Nazareth, and ultimately connected across the isthmus of Suez with the Egyptian lines.

Obviously the sensitive point of the Palestinian system was Deraa. Here Lawrence with his Arab handful would strike, cutting the railways and hindering the Turks' road communications as best he could, when at last the British were ready to attempt decisive attack upon the enemy's front. In June, 1918, he learned at British Headquarters that in September an attack would be made with unlimited objectives looking to the destruction of the Turkish armies in Palestine and the capture of Damascus and Aleppo. First he satisfied himself that the British Staff were working intelligently, and was glad to find them devising elaborate preliminary deceptions to mislead the Turks, besides simplifying their transport system to make it more elastic. Reassured, he prepared to put the Arabs' whole weight into the blow. At the critical moment he would raise the rebel sympathizers among the settled Arabs of the villages around Deraa, a step at which he had hitherto hesitated because of the horrible vengeance which the Turks would take upon the villagers if the British-Arab attack left them the power to do so.

The position and proposed movements were as follows: the British stood facing north on a fifty-mile


DAMASCUS
NAZARETH
HAIFA
DERAA
AFULEH
R. JORDAN
JAFFA
AMMAN
AZRAK
JERUSALEM
GAZA
DEAD SEA
BEERSHEBA
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50
AKABA

front, their centre covering Jerusalem, their right on the Jordan near Jericho, their left on the Mediterranean in front of Jaffa. They would feint with their right and strike with their left. In the final form of the plan, as soon as the Turkish front had been breached, the British cavalry would go forward nearly fifty miles in a single bound against Afuleh, the intersection point of the smaller Turkish railroad T, and also against the nearby Turkish General Headquarters at Nazareth. At Afuleh they would be about fifty miles west of Deraa.

Meanwhile Lawrence planned to strike the enemy in the back. Some time before, he had established an advanced base in the Oasis of Azrak, some seventy miles southeast of Deraa and therefore far enough from the railway to be out of Turkish "cruising range". Since he wished to strike Deraa just before the British attack which had been timed for September 19th, the Arab striking force was to leave Akaba for Azrak towards the end of August. As always he planned to deceive the enemy. A small Arab force would make a feint, which the mobility of the rebel main body might turn into a real attack if circumstances demanded, against the Hejaz railway seventy miles south of Deraa. As this area was not far from the Jordan mouth, the Arab feint from the eastward would look like cooperation with the feint which the British were about to make from the west across the lower reaches of that river. To help keep the Turks' attention turned to the country south of the real objective, Deraa, and to prevent their reinforcing that point along the southern railway, a detachment was to begin by cutting this line at some point between Deraa and

Amman, an important town some forty-five miles south of the junction.

At the last moment, when the rebel striking force was about to leave Akaba, the Turks were found to be preparing an offensive against an important post covering that place on the north. If successful, they would be able to hinder the proposed Arab advance and might penetrate the secrecy essential to its success. On the other hand, Lawrence was unwilling to detach a man from his scanty numbers available for the all-important blow in aid of the British. An instrument for distracting the Turks, immobilizing them, and freeing the Arabs was found by temporarily borrowing from Egypt two companies of the British camel corps. From Akaba these companies raided south-east sixty miles to the Hejaz railway, took and destroyed an important watering station and its wells. Next, their transport lightened and rearranged irregularly but efficiently, they marched two hundred miles north to Azrak. Thence they approached the great railway bridge near Amman, only to find that bad luck had sent into the district some forty mule-mounted Turkish soldiers. To engage would have meant casualties, so Lawrence was content to withdraw, spreading great rumours of a coming Anglo-Arabic attack which kept the enemy quietly on the defensive for a week. He had estimated that the destruction of the bridge would close the line for only a fortnight. Meanwhile the British camel men returned to their main army.

By September 11th, eight days before the British zero hour, the Arab striking force of some twelve hundred, including certain Egyptian and Indian contingents and two armoured cars with British crews, was at Azrak. Could the British aircraft have bombed Deraa station heavily enough, then Lawrence was prepared to send his Arabs directly against that central point. When informed by air that sufficient planes were not available, he asked that Deraa town and station should at least be harassed by such bombers as could be spared. The second alternative was for the rebels to circle about the place just out of easy striking distance of its garrison, which could be done by beginning either with the northern or the southern railway, cutting that, then cutting the western line, and ending with the third hitherto untouched railroad. Since the northern line was the one railroad link of both Palestine and the Hejaz with Damascus and the rear Turkish bases, Lawrence decided to begin there. The incompetence of a staff officer kept him ignorant of the full extent of the proposed British cavalry sweep, but in the event no harm was done.

On September 12th a detachment of Indians and Egyptians left Azrak and moved westward for the preliminary cutting of the Amman-Deraa line near Amman. On the 14th the main body also moved out from Azrak heading north-westward towards Deraa. When an unlucky chance of war foiled the attempted demolition by the Indians and Egyptians, Lawrence in person took on the job with the two armoured cars and some automobiles, taking a redoubt and hastily blowing up a four-arched bridge about ten miles south of the junction which he estimated would take the enemy a week to repair.

On the morning of September 17th the main body, now rejoined by Lawrence, took a redoubt on the northern line some four miles out of Deraa with the loss of only one man, and began a systematic demolition of three and a half miles of track north of that point. This again would give the Turks repair work for a week. Eight hostile planes made the Arabs scatter but caused only two casualties. Nor did they interfere with the demolition parties whom they did not even seem to see. Later in the day, profiting by a temporary absence of the hostile aircraft, Lawrence divided his force, leaving about two-thirds to cover the demolition parties against possible ground attack while he himself with the rest made for the western railway, reinforced by a constantly increasing stream of village Arabs. A station some seven miles west of Deraa was taken, the telegraph wires were cut, and a little demolition done on the line. After dark he moved three miles further west, intending to destroy an important bridge, but halted on learning that the garrison of Afuleh had been rushed up by train. Although the position might have been carried by surprise attack, he once more judged the probable cost in casualties too dear, contenting himself with two small cuttings of the western line at deserted spots in the rear of the new arrivals.

Next day, September 18th, the day before the British attack, Lawrence temporarily dismissed his peasant volunteers to their villages, so that hostile fliers reported his strength as eight or nine thousand and his movements as confused and inexplicable. The Arab regulars and nomad irregulars with him he sent south-eastward to strike the southern railroad from the west. Eight miles south of Deraa he fought another action – his third in two days – against a Turkish redoubt, and blew up another bridge, his seventy-ninth since coming to the Hejaz. After this the whole force retired a few miles eastward into the desert.

Here on the 20th came news by air of the complete British victory. Several more railway demolitions were made. Then, a few days later, Lawrence boldly pushed forward the Arab force, now about four thousand strong in regulars and desert men alone, without counting the rising tide of peasant volunteers. Taking a position fifteen miles north-west of Deraa, astride of the enemy's road communications, he continued to harass the retreat of the now spiritless Turks until British cavalry finally reached Deraa on the 28th, to find the place already in Arab hands.

The capture of Damascus was almost bloodless, and shortly afterwards Lawrence at his own request was allowed to return to England.

Such, in bare outline, is the military career which has been praised as foreshadowing the generalship of the future. Lawrence's biographer Liddell Hart calls him

> more than a guerrilla genius . . . a strategist of genius who had the vision to anticipate the guerrilla trend of civilized warfare that arises from the growing dependence of nations on industrial resources. . . . No civilized nation can maintain itself long without the railway, or maintain war without munitions. What the Arabs did yesterday the Air Forces may do tomorrow. And in the same way — yet more swiftly. Mobile land forces such as tanks and motor guerrillas may share in the process.
>
> Moreover, this new exploitation of the changed "biological" conditions of war may be coupled with a more

calculated exploitation of the psychological conditions – to which Lawrence also showed the way. To disarm is more potent than to kill. And in this process of disarming, materially and mentally, the old concentration of force is likely to be replaced by an intangibly ubiquitous distribution of force – pressing everywhere yet assailable nowhere.

The different steps in the argument may be summarized as follows: in the eighteenth century generals were free of the nineteenth-century obsession with battle, effusion of blood, sacrifices, etc. At the same time the eighteenth-century unwillingness to let armies straggle in order to live on the country made them dependent upon magazines of supplies assembled at advanced bases. Consequently the attack upon communications was profitable. Today the fierce hatreds, vast conscript armies, and lust for slaughter of 1914-18 appear as mutually destructive follies – exactly as the hatreds and the savage looting of the religious wars appeared to the eighteenth century. Meanwhile the new mobile arms – planes, tanks, and automobiles – are admirable instruments for reviving the attack upon communications as Lawrence revived it with his camelry.

The present writer finds half of this claim true and half false. Leaving aside the absurd idea of banishing organized force from the world, sooner or later we shall replace irrational with rational war, and the sooner the better. Certainly eighteenth-century conflicts were more rational than the subsequent mass-massacres. Mobile instruments of war indeed favour raiding and weaken the enemy's fighting front by compelling him to detach large forces to guard his communications and bases. For instance the German air raids on England, ludicrous failures in their actual results, nevertheless persuaded the British to a huge defensive effort. In other words, those raids had great diversionary effect.

But beyond this point the argument weakens. Through the constant changes in geographical and other circumstances which make each war different from the last, it seems unlikely that the conditions of Lawrence's success will recur. Few commanders can count upon a stupid enemy, greatly inferior in mobility when away from a single vulnerable line of communications – in this case the railway. Still fewer can expect invulnerable communications on their own side like his after the capture of Wejh. Usually two can play at that game. Moreover if he and his Arabs were essential to the success of the British army in Palestine, still more was that army essential to them. However excessive the Napoleon-Clausewitz-Foch desire for battle and acceptance of sacrifices, however great the diversionary effect of raiding, and the necessity for minimizing losses, still the commander-in-chief by sea or land who avoids combat with his enemies' organized forces can seldom if ever expect victory.

Tradition Plus Modernism

The Relation of Architecture to Society

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

(A third chapter from an autobiography.)

ALL life, whether of a man, a culture, perhaps even of the world itself, falls into three clear-cut divisions: a beginning, a middle, and an end. So far as a single life is concerned the first period is that of education, the second of work, the third of philosophical contemplation – the survey of all that has gone before and the building up of a working theory of life, when this approaches its term and the acquired wisdom, if any, comes too late to be of practical service. The grades hold of the mediaeval guild: apprentice, journeyman, master. These aphorisms are not wholly exact, for the process of education, by the grace of God, goes on to the end.

I have tried elsewhere to set down some of the factors that have worked for education, some of the concrete examples of the work that followed on. What of the third stage, the convictions, tentative or definite, that, through apprenticeship and work, have somehow taken a measure of form?

With each new revelation of what fallible man had wrought in past ages; with each consecutive effort at creation on my own part, the conviction was cumulative that there was no finer profession than that of architecture. Its service went deep down into the social foundation, for it meant isolating the best from the general ruck, giving it form and presence through three-dimensional symbols; creating, if it might be, some new element of beauty in visible form, to add to a world where ugliness had become dominant and where the instinctive hunger for beauty was insistent but unappeased. And it meant, again, "knitting up the ravelled sleeve" of vitalizing tradition and bringing into play the subtle stimulus that would evoke those spiritual and emotional reactions which might produce that "best", the expression of which was one of the basic motives of architecture.

The greater part of the supreme works of man have been either ruined or made sterile by desecration. The efforts at actual creation proved always imperfect, inadequate, in large measure disappointing, but in both cases there was enough, in the one to stimulate the ardour of emulation, in the other to urge to further effort. The civic and political structures of Pericles had vanished but the Parthenon still stood, though hardly. The Code of Justinian had dissolved with the widened frontiers of the Empire, but Hagia Sophia remained when lands and church had fallen into alien and infidel hands. Feudal and Catholic France, the domain of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Ste. Jeanne d'Arc had become the prey of political gangsters, profiteers, and atheists; but Chartres and Bourges and Albi remained intact to proclaim the life that inspired them and that some time might be again. Even in England, where the wide ruin wrought by the eighth Henry and Cromwell and the industrialists of the nineteenth century had been most comprehensive, the abbey ruins sent forth their hortatory voice, while two score cathedrals and a thousand parish churches, with colleges and castles and manors beyond count still endured, indelible marks of century upon century of a dead culture and a great civilization. Yes: the ingenious devices of statesmen and warriors, philosophers and pedagogues might pass away, but their architectural works should not pass away, and their testimony was faithful and true.

And if it was, if I could read in the architecture left from the Middle Ages the real quality, high and vital, of that time; if I could, through the insolent and self-conscious and pretentious building of the High Renaissance, get an inkling of the very different nature of *that* time, what about the sterile and vapid productions of my country during those barren fifty years following the election of General Jackson to the Presidency and the total and lasting eclipse of the old aristocratic Republic? The unavoidable conclusion was revealing but hardly generative of confidence or satisfaction. It was probably these deductions – I did question whether the premises were well or ill founded – which started those persistent speculations that continued with cumulative conviction through the sequent periods of optimistic illusion, the War of disillusion, the witches' Sabbath of "Prosperity", and the globe-circling depression, only to receive the late accolade of justification during the last five years.

Still working on my theory of the expository nature of architecture and the other arts, I had to find an explanation for the sudden and comprehensive redemption that took place between the years 1880 and 1900. Obviously this was not consequent on any antecedent cultural transformation, or even measurable advance. Instead of this there was a steady decline, by and large, though popular opinion held otherwise. Why then should there have been a real renaissance when there was nothing behind to engender this new birth? I already have suggested the explanation; it is simply that two powerfully generative personalities, Richardson and McKim, suddenly appeared out of the aching void, while by a similar accentuation of the *élan vital*, the American Institute of Architects began dynamically to function, and the new schools of architecture likewise. In other words, this new and noble architecture was generated wholly apart from any popular clamour or as the unconscious expression of a burgeoning new life. It was created outside the orbit of current living and was deliberately imposed on basic indifference and incomprehension, and put across by the power of fashion.

Yes, good art became fashionable, and not architecture alone but all the arts. The idea of culture was in the air but as an amenity of life, not as a necessity; as the *cachet* of progress and superiority, not as an expression of the good life and as the goal of living. Opera and symphony concerts and choral societies developed apace; art museums expanded both individually and geographically, with art schools, ateliers, studios, and lectureships for all. Art clubs and poetry societies grew luxuriantly in every village; the artistic spoils of a Europe fast approaching bankruptcy poured into the United States in a torrential flood and the final accolade of social achievement for the millionaire was the possession of an art gallery rich with authentic or *ersatz* masterpieces of Renaissance painting, a collection of rare and priceless volumes in languages unintelligible to the owner, or hoards of Oriental jade and porcelain and metal-work. Culture, or plausible proof of its acquisition, became a prime object of life.

Was this all just in obedience to the dictates of fashion? That it was is, I think, proved by the fact that when that nervous fad for abnormality, called, and quite accurately, "modernism", came over from an exhausted and disillusioned Europe, it received a ready welcome. Acceptance was not as widespread as that accorded to the regenerated elder art of a generation before, but where it occurred it was quite as ardent. Enduring and durable standards of value were promptly shifted or abandoned altogether (probably they never had been consciously recognized) and the self-appointed cognoscenti as cheerfully accepted the new order of things as society in general did in the case of short skirts and clôche hats, safety razors, streamlined automobiles and cellophane. A Modigliani portrait was found to be even better than a Sargent or an Augustus John; Brancusi and Epstein superseded St. Gaudens and Daniel French and Paul Manship; Rockefeller Centre and the Century of Progress outshone in glory the Nebraska Capitol and the thousand other great works of American twentieth-century architecture; the church at Raincy in France and Feundtvigskirk in Copenhagen cast Sir Giles Scott's Liverpool Cathedral into the shade of ineptitude; Orozco and Rivera became the acclaimed protagonists of a new decorative art that was to do away with all past monumental painting from Michelangelo to Puvis de Chavannes and Frank Brangwyn; what was the Adagio from Beethoven's Quartette in A minor compared with Le Sacre du Printemps? Yes, I think it was a matter of fashion, and of one that already is passing as "functional" architecture is passing in Europe. This is the saving clause in fashions; they lightly come and lightly go, whereas those movements that are based on inspiration (whether of God or the devil) or on deep convictions are of longer duration. I think there was no such conviction either in the acceptance of the good art of the nineties or of the bad art of the post-War period. The question is, however, whether or no conviction may come, and how, in order that architecture and the other arts may once more become vital, instinctive, and an integral part of a sane and wholesome and enjoyable life.

If I remember aright, the first phrase I ever coined for my own self-satisfaction was this: "Art is a result, not a product"; and fifty years of experience have given no cause for me to question its validity. I shall, for an end, come back to this proposition, for the varied events I have thus far recorded, all of them by way of education rather than accomplishment, have issue simply in this. First, however, I want to explain, and if possible set myself right, in this matter of "modernistic" and "functional" architecture and the latest "surréaliste" art of which, as above, I have indicated a measure of disapproval. There are a dozen names for this sort of thing and an entirely new vocabulary has been invented to describe it, an entirely new scheme of ratiocination devised to explain and, if possible, give it justification. Incidentally the method and the form of propaganda are even more fantastic and incomprehensible than the thing itself. This, however, is both logical and natural since that which is to be interpreted bears no possible relationship to anything that has gone before. Numerous and novel as are the titles applied to this new work it all does actually hang together, and so, for the purpose of discussion, I shall lump it in one and call it Modernism.

It would be childish to deny that at this moment of writing Modernism in art has a wide (though I think already narrowing) vogue. It would be equally childish to deny that it has its place. Art, as I so wearisomely insist, is, in one of its aspects, expression, and Modernistic art *does* express very exactly this modern age which already has reached its high point of development. It is well to remember, however, that while the lower foundation-courses were laid as much as four hundred years ago, they were only completely finished in comparatively recent times, while the superstructure was only begun about the year 1780. Even so, there was little to see until about 1880, therefore it is quite true to say that the Modern Age, in its fullness and with all it implies, is hardly more than fifty years old. Behind it lies a space of unified human culture (unified though of infinite variety of form) that covers a period of nearly five thousand years.

Now Modernist art is the creation and the manifestation of this half-century; no more. As Modernism is a new creation, with no valid line of descent connecting it with past history beyond the seventeenth century; since the intellectual, spiritual, and character energies of four thousand years play no part in its very definite personality, and since it only achieved self-consciousness within the last fifty years, it naturally follows that the art-expressions of man up to about the year 1800 are alien to its ethos and therefore logically forbidden. This fact is clearly recognized, or at least instinctively acted upon; Modernism has made its own bed and in it it must, and should, lie. Its art is exact, significant, and adequate. And the moral of this is that for all those phenomena that are the consequence of the mental, moral, and material development of the last fifty years this mode of artistic expression it has fashioned for itself can alone reasonably be used.

For a stock exchange or a department store; a moving picture palace, a garage, or a hangar; a skyscraper, a cocktail bar, or for the conventicle of any one of the newer forms of religious emotion and experience, it would be as irrational, perverse, and misleading to revive the motives and the forms of the past ages as it would be to design a Greek railroad train, a Byzantine motor-car, a Gothic battleship, or a Renaissance aeroplane.

On the other hand, granting this necessity, must it follow that this new art, created to express a new thing, should be ugly? To a certain extent, yes. If the new thing is ugly in its spirit and its workings, it ought, I suppose, to look ugly. Certain factors in modern civilization are ugly; nothing in the past has quite equalled them in this respect, but the statement is by no means true of everything. Mobile transportation by land and sea and sky is not ugly in itself, and a well-designed motor car, a battleship, an aeroplane is a beautiful thing. Much of the spirit that created and is now driving Modernism (even if, as now seems to be the case, this is riding for a fall) has its elements of fineness and courage and adventure.

Now I see no reason why these attributes of Modernism should be expressed in horrid forms, but it seems to be a matter of principle amongst a large circle of the exponents of this new type of civilization that such should be the case. There was ground enough for a revolt against the arid academicism that thirty years ago formed the stock-in-trade of art exhibitions such as the French Salon, the English Royal Academy, and most of the American picture shows. This sort of thing had no relation to life – except perhaps that of the time in which it was produced – and if it was this then it should have been discreetly hidden away. The rebels of that day were great people, and so they remain; but, as is always the case with camp followers, these were generally something terrible. All they learned from their supposed leaders was the impulse of revolt. Whatever was potentially bad in the original insurgents they took over and developed to a high point of ineptitude, but the good they could neither appreciate nor reproduce.

This was quite natural for, not having been gifted with any particular ability to draw or paint or model in clay, they proceeded to draw, paint, and model less well than God intended them to do, and in the belief that so they could, so to speak, get away with it, so far as the general public was concerned – which they did to admiration. They saw that the great men like Matisse, Cézanne, Rodin, Mestrovic, sometimes amused themselves, in sheer profligacy of generation, in producing things that were deliberately ugly or perversely drawn, and for a definite purpose. That by-product of vital energy the followers could easily imitate and they proceeded to do so, with added exaggerations of their own, and the high-power sales-manship of dealers together with the unintelligible and esoteric expositions of critics and amateurs won for them the day.

In any consideration of modernistic art it is necessary to draw this dividing line between the ugly and the beautiful, the good and the bad. Unfortunately it is the product of the pathological type that has reverted to the fetiches of the tribes of the Congo, or, solely "pour épater les bourgeois", has adopted the code of Dickens's fat boy who wanted to make his auditor's flesh creep, and so has invented meaningless and even sadistic designs that have been accepted as typical of the movement. This is wholly unfair, for within certain limits Modernism has produced real beauty. In the case of architecture this is not wholly true of Europe, outside the Scandinavian countries. While they may exist I have seen, in actuality or in print, very few examples of explicitly modernist architecture in France, Germany, and Holland, that are not either wrong-headed or degenerate. The Chateau-Thierry War Memorial is of course not under this condemnation for Mr. Cret is to all intents and purposes an American and he designs in this mode.

Apart from architecture, painting, sculpture of the larger sort, and stained glass, much of great value and real beauty has been accomplished. Texture in materials of all sorts has been rediscovered, also the subtleties of colour and colour combinations. Shop fronts and window displays have been raised to the level of a fine art, while jewels of every kind, glassware, and little animal sculptures are quite beyond criticism. These are the things to hold to for they are wholly good and, while quite original, are not outside the confines of art as art and not as fashion. Generally speaking, it is these excellent qualities that have come over to America and have been accepted to the great benefit of our local culture. Of course we have a fine modernist architecture of our own, leading examples of which I already have referred to, while what I hold to be the bad type, as in the Century of Progress, Rockefeller Centre, and two Roman Catholic churches, one in Chicago, the other in Oklahoma, is thus far sporadic only. I do resent and reject many of the repercussions of Continental Modernism in the fields of painting and sculpture but these also, I am persuaded, are episodical and evanescent in their nature.

I contend, then, that modernist art is neither to be accepted nor rejected as a whole, but that the good, which is conspicuous, must be salvaged from the bad which is even more conspicuous. There is no greater service the sane and true modernists can do at the present time than to make it perfectly clear that they reject and cast out the silly, ugly, and diseased exemplars of a false and poisonous type of modernism, in order that the real thing may not suffer through contagion but may continue to hold and to re-enforce the position it now very justly has acquired. Lee Laurie's sculpture, the painting of Thomas Benton and Grant Wood, the productions of a dozen or more young architects deserve better than bracketing with the pathological aberrations of the mainstays of museums of modern art and Pittsburgh exhibitions.

There is another point I should like to make which is that there are limits beyond which strictly and exclusively modernistic design cannot go. Perhaps the acute reader may already have gathered my intent from what has been said above, but let me briefly re-enforce it. Just as modern things demand modern expression – those, that is to say, that take hold in no respect on antiquity but count their history by seventy-five years at the most – so there are others that in their motivation show no break in time, however far back you may go. These are the eternal things as compared with the ephemeral, and in their quality they may be called cultural in opposition to those that link up only with civilization. They comprise home life, educational life, religious life. These, in their inner quality, do not vary at all, though there is, from generation to generation, more or less change in their superficial aspects.

Here, I conceive, the application of modernistic forms in all artistic fields is strictly limited. Take domestic architecture for example. The cubist, "dimaxion", "functional" house is a contradiction in terms, such, for instance as the work of Le Corbusier in France or the new type of apartment house all over the Continent; the sort of thing that seems to have been the realization of the unquiet dreams of a mechanical engineer or an overworked mathematician. These things seem to me to be a betrayal of trust, a vicious though unintentional assault on the basic principles of a sane and wholesome society. So also are the details of construction and furnishings; the glass walls and angle windows, lighting fixtures in baseboards and columns, furniture of metal rods bent into all sorts of shapes so long as the results are forbidding and uncomfortable. True, this sort of thing was perhaps a natural revolt against the stage-scenery house of the turn of the century with its archaeological pretense and the "period room", just as there was a similar revolt from the academic and sterile Salon and Royal Academy in painting and sculpture. True also that it very well represents the human society of the cocktail-hour, the speakeasy, the night club, jazz, and sexological amusement along all imaginable lines, from the emancipated drama and novel to emancipated "self-realization". To this extent it was accurate and excusable, but the point I wish to make is that this is (we are permitted to hope) no more than an evanescent episode in social procedure – I cannot say development. The Home, as this came to be under the Christian dispensation, is a very definite, concrete, even sacramental thing, and its habitation, from the beginning, was, as had always been the case in antecedent times of peace and culture, a direct outgrowth of the life within. There was no self-conscious and affected imitation of the past and, until the Renaissance, no deliberate invention of a "new style" imposed by superiority on an unwilling and bewildered public.

What to do now when we no longer do anything instinctively; when a life without unity or consistency furnishes no creative impulse; when, by and large, we have only rudimentary and fluid ideas as to what constitutes beauty; when we have cut ourselves off for a century from any sort of living tradition; and finally when in our rather pathetic helplessness we have to rely on the broken (or at least very badly bent and equally unreliable) reed of the professional architects? This is, I admit, a very dubious question.

I suppose we have got to begin again: pick up something of the lost social tradition, something also of the lost architectural tradition, but in doing so I am perfectly sure that there are two agencies on which we cannot in any case rely, and these are the practitioner of "period" design and the protagonist of a crazy and fantastic Modernism. The Eastern seaboard and its hinterland have four or five precedents to offer, dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the Gulf states and the former Spanish territories one or two more. We might do worse than to use these as a basis to work on, and from, always bearing in mind the fact that a house *is* made to live in, not to impress or startle the passer-by or to emulate the achievements of a neighbour or social rival. I have of late had the opportunity to study what is now being done along these lines in New Mexico and Arizona, and while there are many unhappy examples of movie architecture and "arty" exaggeration, the major part is about as sane, wholesome, essentially domestic and livable – and beautiful as well – as anything I have found elsewhere.

In the same way, while I think it would be absurd to build a school of mechanical engineering or a chemical laboratory after the stylistic fashion of an Oxford college, or a gymnasium like a mediaeval abbey, so it is equally absurd and perfectly pointless and ungrammatical to couch a school of liberal arts, a library, or college chapel in the terms of a garage, a department store, or a skyscraper office building. Yet both things are egregiously done. I call this banderlog motivation. Just as, to quote Mark Twain, Eve in naming the animals called one a hippopotamus "because it *looked* like a hippopotamus", so a building must look like what it is; express visibly the energy that informs it, and declare its spiritual and intellectual lineage through its architectural vesture. The Liberal Arts, with Theology, are as old as man; the embodiments of mechanistic and technocratic civilization are no older than I am. I have elsewhere* tried with much vain repetition to demonstrate the necessity of a large admixture of beauty in the housing of all the Liberal Arts of a vital culture, but this beauty must be significant as well as pleasurable. The Liberal Arts of age-long human culture have nothing to do with the current seventy-year-old technological civilization (except as a corrective which thus far has failed to work) and consequently the, so to speak, artistic expression of the latter phenomenon can have no part in the manifestation of the older and eternal entity. Education, in its real sense, has not changed in its impulse and its principles, and only in detail in its methods, since the Schools of Athens and Alexandria. Its direct lines of descent come down to us through Constantinople, Aix la Chapelle, Salerno, Bologna, Chartres, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and the colleges of William and Mary and Harvard, without a break. It is this great continuity that must be considered, preserved, and declared in the scholastic architecture of today.

If this principle holds in the case of education, it holds equally in religion. That anyone, architect or theorist, should hold that such material embodiment of organized religion as might (paradoxically) be required in this new age should be couched in the terms devised to express the novel and peculiar qualities of

* CONVICTIONS AND CONTROVERSIES (MARSHALL JONES).

technocracy, is conclusive evidence of a pathological mental condition. Religion like art is co-terminous with the existence of man. Its ethos is not that of physical, material, or even mental activity, its content is far other, its method of operation diametrically opposed. It directs, and at its high moments controls. It leads, it does not follow. Continuity is of its essence, yet this does not prevent adaptability, rather it imposes this. Times may, and indeed must, change, but integrity, continuity, and fitness continue. In the case of historic Christianity, for a thousand years, there was logical and consistent procedure (not necessarily either development or advance) from the Constantinian basilica, through the Byzantine centralized and domical forms to Romanesque, Norman, and Gothic. In every case it was religion that imposed the type on secular society and made it there habitual. With the Renaissance this procedure was changed and secularism imposed its own style, as well as many of its other qualities of thought and action, on a Church already weakened and devitalized. The results were neither successful in point of artistic quality nor wholesome so far as religion itself was concerned.

For something over a century action has been in process towards both reversal and recovery. Renaissance ecclesiasticism and Renaissance art are being done away with. Protestant ecclesiasticism (there was no art of this ilk, except in music) is subject to the same salutary process. The ravelled end of the golden cord that snapped four centuries ago is being sought again that it may be knit once more with the flying end now in our hands, and religious and aesthetic continuity restored.

The art of Modernism is the logical development from that of the last four hundred years – logical in its very antithetical quality – just as technocratic society follows inevitably from the same conditions. Acceptance of this art would therefore be a betrayal of trust and fatal in its consequences. Of course this applies primarily to *historic* Christianity, that is to say, to those entities that maintain an unbroken line of descent both in polity and in essential doctrine and practice from the day of the Feast of Pentecost. Here, in all decency and logic, the line of artistic succession *must* sacredly be preserved. This does not necessarily mean the stylistic line; this could hardly be, since in this respect there have been many variants from the basilican of Constantine and the Byzantine of Justinian to the Perpendicular of William of Wykeham, the Early Renaissance of Alberti, the neo-Classic of Palladio, and the final Baroque of Churriguera. With the possible exception of Jesuit Rococo of the Counter Reformation each one of these does offer a basis on which to work; each gives the connotation of continuity, and each may be used because of its particular significance as to individual impulse (monastic, post-Tridentine, Anglican) or racial or climatic (English, French, Spanish, New England, California, the Southwest) so long as it is used *as* a basis.

For this same reason the modernistic style used of late and most unaccountably, for certain Catholic churches in France, and sporadically in the United States, must absolutely be eschewed. Theoretically, I suppose, there is no particular reason why the Reformation Churches should not use this style if they want to, but the gratifying fact remains that, outside

Germany and Holland, they do not. With increasing momentum the Protestant denominations are sloughing off the Calvinistic and Puritan accretions that were purely divisive and sectarian in quality, and are recovering more and more of primitive Catholicity in practice and, measurably, in doctrine; so for them to go back on their present course of accepting and following Catholic art would be almost like apostacy. As for what may be called the post-Reformation religions – Mormonism, Unitarianism, Christian Science – there is less reason still for them to refuse acceptance of the "modernist-functional-technocratic" style, but here again the fact remains that they show no inclination whatever to use it in their work. In most cases they very logically do not revert to the historical Christian styles but develop a real modernism of their own that well expresses the ethos of their respective cults. Much of the recent architecture of the Latter Day Saints and the Christian Scientists is characteristic, expressive, and noble, with no pretense at a dogmatic continuity that does not exist.

It is obvious from all this that I take no stock whatever in the plausible but fallacious theory that, since past ages have manifested their spirit through one style that held for everything, both religious and secular, so ought we to do, inventing and employing universally an "American" or at least a modernistic style. Past ages, from the Old Kingdom of Egypt to the Renaissance monarchies, had, each and all, substantial unity; social, economic, political, and spiritual. The revolts, contentions, diversities that were common enough, disturbed the surface only; the depths were unstirred and they remained unchanged. Today there is neither unity nor consistency. Age-old powers and potencies fight for their lives with those that count their years within a century's space, and these themselves are split up into contentious factions. There is no such thing as an Americanism demanding individual artistic expression because there is no such thing as a specific and individualized America. Still less is there such a thing as a consistent, unified, and exclusive modernism. What we confront today is the chaos of change when one era comes to its end and another rises to take its place. This being so, the architect or other artist can only work, so to speak, from hand to mouth. He is and must be an eclectic, an opportunist if you like. The new must be expressed through new but perfectly well-chosen words; the old, which still providentially survives, through its old language, adapted and made intelligible to the modern consciousness; the future, if by the grace of God some may be granted an adumbration of its nature, in that idiom that preserves and indicates eternal values supplemented and enriched by that which is good, and that alone, which develops from the peculiar processes of the present time.

What I have said about architecture applies equally, of course, to all the other arts in their association with formal religion. The structural aberrations are more conspicuous by reason of their bulk but the other arts are more multitudinous in their output. The new stained-glass in France is peculiarly vicious in its *feu d'artifice* quality, but fortunately it is so ugly that even the most convinced Modernist fails to find it good. In painting, if a Mexican peon with Communistic convictions sees fit to create a gross caricature of William

Blake in his less lucid moments, and calls it the presentment of Quetzalcoatl, it is of course his affair, but when his imitators do the same and call it a picture of Moses, St. Joseph, or St. Benedict, then it falls outside the scope of Christian, or indeed any other type of religious art. If a Semitic stone-cutter sees fit to magnify a Congo fetish into a Paleolithic image twelve feet high (and incidentally do it very badly), put on its head a rudimentary crown of thorns and call it "Ecce Homo", it is *not* his own affair but an offense and an outrage, as well in the name of art as in that of religion. For some reason, the nature of which I fail to identify, sculptors seem to provide the most offensive and inopportune objects. With an instinctive and unfailing ability for grasping the bad qualities in the work of big men like Rodin and Mestrovic, with a complete blindness to their good qualities, they follow this line like a hound on the trail until it leads them to the wilderness of the Neolithic and the jungles of African fetish-worshippers, and here they uneasily rest. For one practitioner of the sculptor's mystery who follows the lead of Bourdelle or Maillol there are ten who try, though vainly, to excel the ineptitudes of Epstein and the German stone-cutters. Crucifixes, statues of the Virgin and Child, Stations of the Cross, couched in these cave-man terms are increasingly shown in art exhibitions both here and abroad, but while they have their place in the New York Museum of Modern Art or in the show rooms of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, they adapt themselves with scant sympathy to the purposes of any religion other than that of voodooism, fetichism, and similar psychopathic manifestations.

It is unnecessary further to emphasize what I mean by the limitations set for the operation of the modernist idea in the field of art. It has its own place and it may and should go to it. Its boundaries are definite and fixed, and beyond them it cannot go for the Angel of decency, propriety, and reason stands there with a flaming sword.

Agrarianism: The Basis for a Better Life

John C. Rawe

Industry's giant corporations organized for profit pile up their surpluses in dividends and official salaries, either in apparent compliance or open contravention of an ill-fated "New Deal". Business men continue to worship the false idol of efficiency in joint stock enterprise. The chartered companies manipulate their "gold-digging" stocks; speculate greedily with their machine complex; and dehumanize large hordes of men, women, and children who work for them or wait for work, because they think that there is nothing to do but to be the willing slaves of a corporation. The entire nation is beset with a strange economy of disorder. Legislators are busy both in Washington and in the States framing remedies, artificial, contradictory, unconstitutional.

Both legislators and social thinkers, however, try to give joint stock enterprise and mechanical progress the right of way, no matter how many human values must pay the forfeit. We are asked to scrap forever that true ideal of democracy: the greatest good for the greatest number. We are invited to surrender our liberties and submit to governmental control and interference in everything. We are told to pledge ourselves to the doctrine of larger dividends and bigger sales for the two hundred and more gigantic corporations who humbly serve us at a larger and larger profit to themselves. We are asked to have mercy on holding-company investments because some of this precious stock is held by a few widows and orphans. We are urged to bow down in worship before these new gods of iron and electricity, and overlook the fact that the sun rises and sets in a nation of bankrupt homes. We are asked to believe that if the corporation can make a merger which puts an end to competition, employ a new machine instead of the nation's hungry workers, then there is a greater dividend, then there is a greater efficiency, and the ultimate good of mankind, the highest achievement of society, has been attained.

How much longer will Americans have faith in such an empty philosophy of life and reap its barren fruits? Will we weigh human values in the light of a saner philosophy and a better civilization, or will we sink deeper and deeper into the treacherous mire of social and economic degradation under the false leadership of industrialists and bankers while they cling tenaciously to stock profit, usury, and monopoly, and represent themselves to the great majority of men as benefactors through some new form of public education, a new method of higher taxation, a more complicated type of governmental relief, or some strange law which if it gives any promise of restoring citizens to their just heritage is soon rendered inoperative?

If the incorporated industrialists and their modern bankers had been the Founding Fathers of our national life, the traditional guardians and protectors of our human liberties and rights, aspirations and ideals, then the Chamber of Commerce president, the big bank executive, and the utility chief might be justified, to some extent at least, in their noisy promulgation of policies which are always calculated to make their business bigger, their bank more independent and usurious, and their utility company more monopolistic and avaricious. But industry and banking do not think and talk in terms of the nation's welfare. Their corporations do not carry social burdens. They travel the high road of deified profit, and strive for the day when they shall travel it alone, unmolested by any small business man. The few big fellows crowd the millions of little fellows off the profit road. And in the meantime these millions are detoured from the road which brought them to their livelihood during these years of temporal sojourn.

The corporations clamour on radio wave, magazine cover, and billboard: "We provide you with a new vitamin, we offer you a new cut in clothes, we equip you with a bathtub, present you with a new model in everything each year, give you an irresistible urge for the things that you cannot buy with cash, and then offer you an installment plan which will rescue you. We will harness science and nature to such an extent that there will be nothing left for you to do but breathe, unless you wish a pulmotor. You will then be living in a very modern, a very progressive world. We will subject you to new and as yet untried methods of education, in order that you may be able to adjust yourselves and act normally. We will manage the government for you through our lobbies. It matters very little what views you have on any legislation. For mail to senators we have your names as they appear on tombstones and in telephone directories. What we gain in the political world for ourselves will indirectly redound to your great advantage. We will entrench our powerful undertakings and supply you with every need at a rising profit to ourselves."

And so even while we listen to the holding-company and corporation madness we find ourselves in a strange world. We are expected to have purchasing power even though funds contract and banks offer credit only on a usurious basis. Even though corporations offer fewer and fewer jobs, even though we find that it is cheaper to let crops rot in the field, we are expected to relieve the corporations of their tariff-protected gadgets. In the meantime big business hopes that we will become thoroughly indifferent about the governmental responsibilities that we always thought somehow rested upon our shoulders as American citizens; it hopes that we will map out a course of education for ourselves — a course without objective and without incentive in such an atmosphere of rarified justice, artificial culture, and forced leisure. We are told to beware of any social security plans which are worked out in accordance with human nature and get their drive from individual initiative, because it is more modern to allow legislators and economists to tinker with various schemes of social security.

Because of the fact that we still have our fundamental human nature, and that life always returns to a truer philosophy in which men assert their superiority to brute beasts, fight for their independence, and their social, economic, and political liberties, it is not difficult to predict what history will record about such a period of extreme industrialism. History will one day present the truth about the greed, the economic and political trickery, which drives joint stock corporations, while families starve and great crowds of the nation's manhood wait in vain expectation of a job.

It may be that in this present period men will think their way out of this false philosophy of life, rather than fight their way out. We in America today should have the brain power to think our way out. There really isn't any trust in brains, although there may be a trust in well nigh everything else.

Throughout the country many small groups are devotedly fostering projects which are based upon an agrarianism, a human value philosophy. The Catholic Workers with their Farming Communes are thinking and working vigorously along the lines of a true philosophy of individual and national life. The devoted, zealous men at work in the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have plans and practical projects, many of them already in a flourishing state of existence, which are based upon comprehensive and fundamental views of human nature in its relations to self, to fellow man, and to God. The Most Reverend Dr. Edwin O'Hara in quoting the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas – "the strength of the home, the strength of the nation and of the Church, must rest in large measure on contented rural family life"– gives the keynote of their programme. The Southern gentlemen, cooperative authors of the notable book, *I'll Take My Stand*, and their publishers, especially THE AMERICAN REVIEW, are giving eloquent expression to a rational philosophy and a sane economy. These cultured Southerners write with a trenchant pen, making this potent instrument once more the guide to a saner, far happier, more correct way of living. In addition to these groups there are the many generous and self-sacrificing men who have curbed monopolistic exploitation in their communities by establishing non-profit enterprises, namely, the consumer and producer cooperatives. These men with courage to build upon the loyalty of the members of their own community, and with faith in their broader philosophy of life, stand their ground in a business world being everywhere bombarded with the big guns of joint stock monopoly. These men deserve a place with the English distributists who preserve and extend the system of small holdings, especially in agriculture.

Perhaps the Federal Government should be placed in this general agrarian group, because of its Resettlement Administration, its Agricultural Adjustment Act, and its Subsistence Homesteading. But its position is made obscure by the administrators of its projects. They use the terminology of city-bred industrial economists and neglect to emphasize the human values of an agrarian system. They would control production in the field in the same way as in the factory, establish homesteads only by way of temporary relief, and allow the further capitalization of joint stock interests in extensive land holdings. Meanwhile we cannot safely say whether their philosophy is industrial or agrarian.

Besides these groups there are many individuals who champion the cause of widely diffused freehold tenure of land. They are the many farmers who realize that their freehold is their most important possession and are making the heroic struggle of their lives to retain it and along with it much precious liberty, independence, and security. They are the few bankers who are human enough and have enough sense of justice to grant easier terms to an impoverished people instead of insisting upon foreclosure and quick-title.

From a consideration of these groups and individuals, we can readily see that an agrarianism of small individual holdings is not dead. It has loyal supporters in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, who take their stand on a set of principles that are rational, based on the constitution of the natural man. The agrarian whether he be Southern, Northern, Eastern, or Western, does not put any trust in the benevolence of capitalism, the militancy of labour to secure its just demands, or the ability of super-engineers of production and consumption to regulate prices and guarantee justice for all. He does not subscribe to an indefinite shortening of labour time and the enlargement of consuming time with its consequent aimlessness, destitution, and corruption of human life. He does not agree with the capitalist that recovery is simply a matter of providing the circumstances for the reaping of greater profits for the corporation. Recovery for the agrarian means a deep change in the conception of the end of living. Profit without justice, monopoly without honesty, money at high interest, and an utter disregard of the condition of the common people, cannot be his aim in life. The agrarian wants a balanced life for all, lived out in a definite social tradition, a life in which religion, the arts, good manners, conversation, hospitality, sympathy, family life, and all the other social exchanges can reveal and develop sensibility in human affairs in an equitable economy founded on the right relations of man to nature, and the right relations of man to man.

The industrialist subordinates all these important values of life to that of financial concentration, mechanical progress, and mass production, and if he considers them as important secondary aims in life he makes provision through artificial means for the temporary restoration of homes and families that are wrecked, and for the revival of a religion and a culture that is stunted.

The agrarian on the other hand puts first objectives in life first, and the principles which will lead him there in a position superior to all economic manipulation and artificial provision. A widely diffused ownership provides the best base upon which to build a complete life structure. And with this in mind he turns to the land and its cultivation by many individual small owners as the system to which he must give the place of economic preferment. He is not concerned primarily with the financial and political advantages of a section, a class, or political group. He looks to the achievement of the ultimate good of mankind through the land because it is the class of property which is best adapted to a wide diffusion, best suited to the needs of family life, and the truest guarantee that life may be lived in its fullness. To make the homestead base of life more secure he would protect it from an atmosphere that becomes too industrialized. There on the black soil he would rescue a maximum of dehumanized industrialized workers from their economic and moral diseases. Instead of giving men a boss and a slave-wage envelope or merely keep them looking for such a concession, he would set men free again to live, provide the opportunity for each family to have their own adequate plot of land, and put them in a position where they can use their heads and their hearts as well as their hands, in work, in art, in culture, in religion.

From the agrarian point of view, the farm is not a factory and agriculture is not an industry. If I am an agrarian, the farm is the place where I live in my home and where I work on my property in an environment that will give my human nature the best opportunity to express itself, socially, ethically, and morally, for there will be fresh blood, a clean body, and a clear brain with which to meet the strains of life. The physical growth of my children will not be stunted and brutalized and their minds and souls will not be perverted. In recommending such an ownership and such a natural economy for the vast majority of my fellow members in the social order, I do not intend to bring the American farmers or any other class to a major economic collapse. In my practical conclusions I simply place life itself before the salvage, preservation, or further development of any type of artificial industrial economics and joint stock charters. My principles are simple, very much in harmony with my human nature and the status of land in the scheme of creation. My way of life does not bolster industrial extremes and artificial specialties. My greediness is not unbridled and my reason is not overthrown by the itch for big things in machines, publicity and relief drives, and all other forms of modern activity.

My agrarian philosophy begins with the premise that my natural abode is in a home in the country, a home surrounded by acres which I own and upon which I can at least produce my livelihood. This is my natural abode because it is best suited to my nature. If industrial exploitation, joint stock capitalization of everything including land, the practise of usury, and excessive taxation do not crush me, in this country home I can secure a temporal happiness, be a worthy and cultured citizen, discharge my duties to my fellow man, fulfill my relations to God, join in social cooperative non-profit societies with my neighbours in order that we may protect ourselves against corporations and have a just share in the progress of scientific achievements, escape slum dwelling, refuse work at a slave wage, be saved from the agony of unemployment, and with a righteous pride keep our names off the relief rolls.

The premise of my philosophy and my conclusions do not have to be altered because of the extent to which technologists may have developed their technique or because of the fact that our big corporations may now write their capital stock in billions instead of millions. Bigness and efficiency will never prove a modern capitalistic pseudo-philosophy of life to be true, nor will bigness and efficiency ever prove my agrarian philosophy of life, with first things first and its resultant natural economy of security for all, false. If my fundamental liberties must be sacrificed for the sake of the efficiency of modern corporations, then efficiency becomes a more important word than liberty. If I understand my human nature, that cannot be.

The happy families and happy nations in history (even the most prosperous ones) were always built upon a way of life that was substantially agrarian and free. My philosophy of agrarianism stands rooted deep in any successful past experience of mankind. It gave civilization its birthplace, developed it and preserved it, rescued it and restored it in so far as there was land available for the basic work. Even today the big business plutocrats who drive their joint stock incorporated to new highs in the accumulation of capital without any concern about the liberty, human security, and happiness of the multitudes, have been able to fatten their coffers simply because they had a prosperous and patient agrarianism in which to plunder. But I and my fellow agrarians cannot long endure further plunder; every day we are forced to surrender more and more of the land upon which we build. And unless we can unite for action against the industrial and banking corporation we shall be able to retain but little more than our philosophy. That may be needed again after the stormy days of industrialized agriculture and extended industrial oppression.

Unless agrarianism unites for a final stand, the corporation will capitalize our land in the same way that it has capitalized everything else. In its hands the field becomes a factory and the farm home a hovel where cheap labour may rest for the night, until cheaper labour is found. The corporation even as a landowner will keep its factory concepts and use its factory methods. Home, family life, religion, culture, human rights and liberties – all become matters of some remote secondary importance if they retain any importance at all. The country field – the newest corporation sweatshop, and perhaps the last – will be expected to turn out high dividend and stock profit in the same way that any automobile factory or steel plant is calculated to do. The slum and the factory will be in both city and country, for the land itself will be a factory. My life of independence, my life of agrarian happiness and security and liberty along with the lives of most of my countrymen will become a proletarian's life – a life which in modern economy becomes more and more like the life of a slave.

We will be promised much in return for the freehold ownership which we shall have surrendered. There will be all that incorporated scientific engineers can produce while they offer human life and its values in sacrifice and make the corporation their god. When we shall no longer have the money to purchase the machine-made bric-a-brac, perhaps then it will be given to us for individual use by requisition. With much regret on that day I shall recall that I and my fellow men were once owners, independent and able to provide for ourselves and for our families. On that day when by far the greater majority of us shall have been reduced to the status of mere workers and all our securities in life, even our jobs, shall have become contingent upon the wills of a few men, and when like slaves we shall look forward to nothing save the charity and the mercy of men who have not manifested these qualities in the past, then our vision will be clearer and we shall understand the great wisdom of the men in history who made provision for a widely diffused freehold ownership and tried to guarantee its continuance. Would that men today had the philosophical conviction and the moral courage to promote agrarianism, and in other business activities, a wholesome distributism!

I paint the picture dark, but the cloud is gathering. Fifty per cent of our land is owned today by agricultural and banking corporations. Usurious interest on mortgages, excess taxation, foreclosures, and depreciation of the farm dollar leave less and less in the farm treasury to provide for the survival of agrarianism. The impoverished agrarian, once the nation's most important citizen, is left to take his place among the unfortunate on relief while the industrial magnates ride in the saddle at the head of the national parade. The government, forgetting its agrarian past, continues to protect an all too privileged industrial class and sinks its hopes deeper and deeper in stocks and bonds, industrial giants, falsified values, and quack nostrums. Joint stock ownership and mass production in agriculture loom upon the horizon. It is time for all agrarians to take their stand, unify their efforts, check the landward spread of industrial methods, and prove to the world that we do not live for and by the corporations. For the individual and society there is not much of a choice between tyrannical king and ruthless corporation executive. Men have rid themselves for the most part of the tyrannical king, cruel slavemaster, and feudal lord, but when will they come to understand that such a person is at their throats again in the guise of holding-company magnate and joint stock lord?

A great array of confused judicial precedent, some modern interpretation of fundamental laws, and a few corporation statutes secured by economic power and political intrigue have given the joint stock corporation a certain unwonted security with extended privileges in the legal and economic world. A corresponding body of laws, decisions establishing strong legal precedent through Common Law and Equity, and judicial constructions of fundamental laws with a view to establishing social justice in a society composed of mere individuals and incorporated individuals have not been developed. There should be such a body of laws: laws which would compel the corporations to bear every new social burden which their economic procedure creates; laws which would force the corporations to develop an adequate social security programme to accompany their new economic programmes; laws which would in some measure restore the political, economic, and religious liberties which are modified when the transition is made from private initiative and ownership to corporate initiative and joint stock ownership and control; laws which would compel the corporation to sell its shares to its own workmen, restoring them to some degree at least to a modified ownership and compensating them for the loss of fullness of private ownership which widespread incorporation makes impossible; laws which would hold executive boards of corporations publicly responsible for their acts, restrict them to service with a limited and just profit for shareholders, make a periodic distribution of dividend funds obligatory, and forbid any arbitrary expansion of capital stock, declaration of bonus, and the payment of excessive salary; laws which would restrict advertising campaigns, determine fair methods of competition, and restrict spheres of operation.

Until such a body of laws is brought into existence and enforced by executive action and judicial decision, it is socially and politically dangerous to allow any further replacement of private ownership and operation of property by joint stock ownership and economic control. And although such laws were developed with the removal of all social and political dangers inherent in accumulation and joint stock ownership, it is very questionable whether such a joint stock disposition of property even with binding provisions made for the sale of stocks to all workers would be a better tenure of property or even a satisfactory substitute for the completely private, widely distributed ownership and operation of property by unincorporated individuals. The percentage of efficiency, it seems, would, when calculated in financial terms, rise considerably; but would the many liberties, economic, social, political, religious, which the Constitution conferred on Americans when they were private owners and operators be secure? If liberty is more important than efficiency, then it would seem that, unless the corporations can adjust themselves to the preservation of our individual liberties, they ought to be greatly restricted in their sphere of ownership and operation and the place of preferment given to the old tried and proven method of distributed private individual ownership and operation of property.

The agrarian, realizing that the corporation has not adjusted itself to social needs, social justice, and social security; that it brings with it too great a destruction and an unsatisfactory modification of private ownership; that the many laws needed to make the corporation a genuine social auxiliary have not been developed and may not be enacted for many a decade, takes a firm stand for the retention of individual distributed ownership, especially in the land, to serve as a permanent base for social security, political liberty, and economic well-being, or at least until such a time when the law of corporations is adequately developed for the protection of society, a time when, if ever, joint stock capitalization, greatly modified, and making many concessions to various forms of private ownership, shall have been made a safe substitute for a private freehold distributism in the ownership and operation of land.

In the meantime, while this joint stock economic position requires much legal and philosophic development, giving the factory workers the opportunities for a greater degree of ownership, together with a widespread stock ownership and effective voting power (a stock ownership which approaches a private property ownership more closely than any present stock ownership does), the agrarian calls for effective remedies, judicial and non-judicial, against the incorporation and capitalization of any land ownership, and additional remedies to prevent the further extension of joint stock ownership and control in any business field.

The agrarian demands legislation against the formation of agricultural joint stock companies, legislation for the abolition of bank ownership gained through recent wholesale foreclosure in economic conditions when this procedure was tantamount to confiscation, legislation for a resale to an individual within a reasonable time of all the farms to which banks, land banks, insurance companies, and other joint stock corporations now hold title, and legislation for the resale to an individual within at least one year of all land which shall fall into the hands of such companies through unavoidable defaults upon loans. The agrarian wants the legal position to be this: that until joint stock law is developed along lines of social justice, the corporation is not to be the owner, the renter, the operator, or the agent of property in the agricultural field.* The agrarian further demands easier credit terms and provision for refinancing agreements, for the present at least — a procedure absolutely necessary and justifiable on principles of ownership and land policy. When parity of prices shall have been established, normality in markets regained, and ownership distribution made secure, the agrarian demands a capable impartial monetary authority, unhampered in its actions by political pressure or private gain, for the control of credit expansions and contractions in all economic fields in relation to the ratio that must be maintained between the nation's adequate total volume of money in all its forms (metallic coin, paper currency, and credit) and the national economic growth.

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* The State of Kansas, ex rel vs. The Wheat Farming Company, a Corporation – Kansas Supreme Court No. 30,251.

These demands are not radical, they are not reactionary, nor are they socially unjust. They call for the maintenance and protection of personal private property rights in a national land policy of distribution. They would prevent the extension of an unsatisfactory commercial substitute, namely, joint stock ownership in the field of agriculture — a field which is the seed ground of American liberties. These agrarian measures would forestall an extension of the economic evils of tenantry, share-cropping, factory work system, imported labour, and the many other social evils which would follow the profit-seeking corporation into the field of agricultural production. Such an agrarian programme would prevent the further division of capital and labour and its consequent economic strife in the domain of agriculture. It would protect what remains of private ownership and operation of property, and prevent any further monopolistic, socialistic, and communistic inroads against constitutional freehold foundations.

The Sceptic's Progress

AUSTIN WARREN

MOST men trust their personal vision unflinchingly. Their "views" collide with those of their fellows; but each credits his own, explaining away, on grounds of early environment, defective education, indigestion, or "invincible ignorance", the aberrations of his neighbour. Their minds may possess neither native nor trained acuteness; their attitudes may strike the well-read as naïve, and the travelled as parochial: still human beings rarely doubt their own set of opinions to be normative. "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like" passes current for vulgar error in criticism; I have not, however, observed that most men hesitate more to expound firmly their philosophies of government, ethics, and religion. This is doubtless most true of our good countrymen, who, though imperfectly educated, possess much confidence in the "right of private judgement", the last vestige of their ancestral Protestantism; but the propensity is more than national: it is human.

> *'Tis with our judgements as our watches; none*
> *Go just alike, yet each believes his own.*

So habitual is this propensity to "views" that, to every normal man, there appears something weak, timid, evasive about him who speaks only upon his professional specialty and for the rest remains silent — who, unless he has studied the "problem", suspends judgement upon it. A judicial classmate of mine used sorely to vex his fellow-collegians by replying to their questions with a "Yes – and no", followed by a measured exposition of his divided verdict; but there are other answers which, if they do not infuriate, are deemed incriminating of the speaker: "I don't know – I haven't mind enough to pronounce – or not the right kind of mind; or – I don't think the human mind capable of deciding that."

Naïve or uncritical faith in reason has persisted down to our own day; but its apostasy, among the intellectual and speculative, may readily enough be traced from the "Apology for Raimond Sebond", Montaigne's masterpiece, through Locke, Hume, and Kant, down to James, and beyond. Of the "absolute idealists" an honourable exception may be made. However out of fashion they now languish, they expounded a world intelligible to reason because throughout rational in structure and indeed of such stuff as minds are made of; and, if they were unable to clear themselves of the charge that they spun a universe out of their own learned egos, it was at any rate the mind and not the passions which wove their system; by faith if not demonstration they postulated an objective truth, a universal and absolute reason in which, however imperfectly, our finite reasons had participation. But indeed professional philosophers – except James and Bergson, and the former was an enchanted and enchanting amateur – may be said never really to have lost their faith: "systems" of philosophy still make their appearance, and no thoroughgoing sceptic has ever had heart to compose a system – a procedure which were for him perfectly illogical.

Outside of the academe, however, any belief in a coherent and intelligible universe has grown fitful and feeble. The "thoughtful", as distinct from the metaphysician and epistemologist, are pluralists, pragmatists, agnostics, sceptics, solipsists. They feel shut up within personal confines, circling the squirrel-cages of their own minds, doubtful that any "first principles" are of more than human invention. Their monads, unlike Leibnitz's, are mirrorless as well as windowless. Contemptuous alike of those who have no taste for speculation and of the dogmatists who have arrived at a position, the "thoughtful" find, in their own inconclusiveness, at once pain and pride.

The mind's subsidence into a permanent scepticism, at first harassing, may become familiar and even agreeable. Adventures among ideas take the place of directed pursuit, and men acclimate themselves to intellectual vagrancy and philandering. The Athenians, ever eager to "hear some new thing", afforded such an audience to their pondering sophists; their equivalents today in New York or Boston pass from lecture hall to forum and back, toying with all manner of doctrinal fads, never seriously yielding themselves to any, but relishing the momentary intoxication which they derive from viewing the world from some novel pasture.

Some reach this stage through sheer light-headedness; but others possess well-stocked memories and note-books. The professor, like the debater, like the sophist, piques himself on his power of stating both sides with showmanship so expert that his students cannot possibly guess where his own judgement has brought itself to rest; but, admirably as this expository skill serves a proper instructorial detachment, the mentor all too frequently slides into playing, as professional, a role which, off the stage, he is unable to escape. The respectful students, knowing that their guide has given his life to the pursuit of truth, listen hopefully to his exposition of *pro et contra* on a theme of controversy; nevertheless their eager query of the expert, their "but which is right? but what do you think?" is likely to be rebuffed by a proud vacuum where personal conviction at least should have been forthcoming. This unhappy predominance of memory over judgement has been stigmatized by Bacon: "as if," he remarks of discoursers, "it were a praise to know what might be said rather than what should be thought."

The "historical method" has turned many a scholar into a sceptic. *Cuius regio, eius religio: mores* and philosophies and critical principles — all are reduced to styles, once accepted as self-evident, enforced by authority in a realm or for a generation; they have all purported to be the truth; they have all passed into the crypt where the deans of today posit the heroic busts erstwhile prominently lodged in the abbey.

These dangers of intellectual suicide beset not the stupid or the uneducated: only the mountain-climbers risk a fall. The life of the mind offers its own perils and its own morality. Only salutary for the long-winded and the resolute, it requires character as well as wits. While a little knowledge renders a man impudently opiniated, too much knowledge for his equipoise of judgement entitles him, like King James, to the rank of "learned fool", or, if he is conscious of the discrepancy, turns him sterile or hypochondriac. Presumption and despair alike disbar the seeker. He must not reason in a vacuum, but neither may he exercise his wits in construing a dialectic universe "nearer to the heart's desire", justificatory of the private self.

A common attack on reason denies, to be sure, that philosophy can do aught else than schematically translate our desires; charges that, whether or no we intend, we cannot escape the venture. But such charges, if true, refute their propounders; and rival schools adept at exposing the duplicity of reason expose one another. Psychoanalysis and Marxism both explain away as "rationalization" the self-diagnoses of old-fashioned moralists. Man is determined, they posit, by his sexual nature or his economic class and cannot transcend the bias it claps upon him. But as Freudianism can "explain" Marxists psychologically, so Marxism can "explain" Freudians sociologically; and, if their theories be correct, Freud and Marx, equally with their "cases", are unable to attain the white light of objectivity. The fashionable distinction between "rationalization" and "reason" appears, in practice, to amount to little more than a contrast between *tuum* and *meum*: "orthodoxy is my *doxy*; and heresy – or stupidity – is yours". To say that my opponent rationalizes is to dismiss him with a jeer instead of an argument; and it is the office of reason not to dismiss the testimony of witnesses but to examine, verify, interpret, and include.

Thinking *in vacuo* should not be confounded with detachment. When we meditate as when we pray, we must have resort to our philosophical closets; we cannot think in concert, or in public, or when agitated by passion, or when lulled by sentiment. The concept of reason implies the power of the mind to loose itself from the desires of the self, and temporarily to lift itself into the realm of the Ideas – that experience mythically described by Plato as a "recollection of those things which in time past our soul beheld when it travelled with a god, and, looking high over what we now call real, lifted up its head into the region of eternal essence". But as our world juxtaposes facts and values, perception and conception, we cannot restrict the province of thought to the apprehension of the "Ideas". Our values, to which reason and conscience testify, seem not earthborn but only earth-sullied; our task, however, is to clarify those values, to steady our gaze upon them, to comprehend the business of living to which they are to be applied and our natures which they are to direct and regulate. And for these ends we must not and cannot divorce ourselves from experience *ante* and *post theoriam.*

The proper philosophic detachment belongs to the act, and the hour, of thought. Improper and immoral is the abstention from the consequences of thought. A philosophy of the study may make a student, but it will disbar him as a philosopher. And of this we may be sure: that a man who does not act in accordance with his thought, or consider his hypotheses as principles from which practical consequences follow, will presently dissolve his integrity, destroy his courage, undermine his power of decision, and turn ditherer in life as well as mere dreamer in the realm of thought.

Lapsing from intellectual hygiene, there are two forms of pathology: Pyrrhonism and credulity; and the Renaissance, as well as subsequent times, can furnish many instances of the latter springing from the former. The Catholic Church has consistently disavowed fideism or any apologetic which begins with an attack on the natural power of the human reason; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were numerous and able controversialists of that persuasion who sought to make Protestants into Catholics by priorly destroying their belief in reason. In men like Montaigne, Pascal, Browne, and Dryden there is a patent connection between their scepticism and their faith. And indeed, more largely, we may say that to doubt everything is to believe – everything.

One extreme invites the other. The credulous, once the critical abyss opens before him, becomes a complete sceptic; the sceptic, in disaster or despair, becomes a bigot. As we survey the world about us, we discern a widespread flight from scepticism to credulity. The imminence of another world war and the universal precariousness of states and economics have broken in upon all save the most inviolate solipsisms, and men look about for safety, thinking with Hobbes that any dogmatically enforced order is preferable to uncertainty, any "views" sufficiently sweeping more honourable than confessed fallibility. Suddenly looking up from their reveries or their professional projects, men find the furniture about them in flames; instead of applying water or chemicals they evacuate the house and build anew according to a freshly conceived and untried architecture. Hysteria leaves a man prey to all species of "evil spirits"; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

In politics and sociology, to *follow reason* is not to construct logical politics and paper systems but to relate and synthesize the findings of human experience. Theories of "total depravity" and "natural goodness" make admirably clear and definite dogmas; their only fault is that they do not tally with introspection and observation; and we may be certain that governments built upon the "logical" theories of idealogues, whether theocratic or materialist, will not endure. At the pain of being dubbed muddled, we are bidden to choose between Rome and Moscow, or again between communism and a *laissez-faire* capitalism, or between anarchy and despotism. These are the promptings of the Absolutist Demon which seeks to convince us that man must be either a god or an animal, and that every *via media* is a compromise.

That character developes only through freedom is an ethical commonplace; but the intellect has its own morality, its own "probation". Were certainty and not probability the guide of life, men would never err, but then they would never think. We have eaten of the "tree of knowledge"; hereafter we are no longer intellectually irresponsible, but we are stewards, men by whom the soil must be tilled.

"To be sure," says Kenneth Burke in his *Counter-statement*, "so long as we feel the need of certitude, the state of doubt is discomforting, and by its very prolongation can make for our hysterical retreat into belief. . . . [Yet] one need not suffer under insecurity any more than an animal suffers from being constantly on the alert for danger. This state of technical apprehension can be a norm, and certainly an athletic norm."

There are prices too exorbitant for peace, for security, for assurance. There is the peace of the post-prandial nap, the ease of the easy chair or the over-stuffed sofa supporting the overstuffed matron, the ease of those who are at ease in Zion, the security of the fool. But all save a weary or despairing or senile humanity desires rather the ease of the dancer who preserves equilibrium and grace in movement, the poise of the spiritual athlete who, under constant discipline, knows his body steel, his muscles sinewy, his reach sure, his grasp firm.

But these are times in which the world seems toppling, and many break training, trusting to the fortress rather than their swords on the open field.

Burke's new book, *Permanence and Change** is brilliant in detail, constantly exhilarating, and no competent reader can fail to find it a whetstone to his wits. To discern its drift is another matter; and one has long to wait before the smoke sufficiently clears to let one discover who has won and why. Weak in structure, despite its elaborate preliminary digest and captions, the book is best read as a sensitive and subtle mind's colloquies with itself. Certain themes fascinate this mind, and it plays with them, turns them about, drops them, returns to them. There are digressions and episodes — *pensées*. But of system-building, which at length it craves, it appears incapable.

Burke's volume traverses a wide territory — language, rhetoric, logic, psychology, ethics (disposed of to his apparent satisfaction in a short chapter), and metaphysics. For the parts of this ambitious undertaking, he is unequally equipped — amateurish at the last two, most professional at the first two, most actively a reader of psychology. The really valuable work is that "On Interpretation", a study which confessedly

* PERMANENCE AND CHANGE *by Kenneth Burke* (NEW REPUBLIC. 351 pp. $1.00).

owes its inception to the work of I. A Richards, but which, *me judice*, is the work of a mind natively more piercing and more philosophical than Richard's, and which uses *The Meaning of Meaning* but as a point of departure. The ancestor of all such studies concerning the interpenetration of language and thought is Book III of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, and Burke's conclusion that arguments addressed to the reason ought to eschew emotionally weighted terms, while poetry must necessarily employ them, is anticipated in bolder outline by Locke. ("But yet if we would speak of things as they are, we must allow that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions, and thereby mislead the judgement; and . . . they are certainly, in all discourses that pretend to inform or instruct, wholly to be avoided. . . .") Burke's mind is at variance with itself, so pulled asunder by the attractions of his uncertain discussion: after, in effect, warning us against language, ethically coloured, he finally stands up to be counted among the poets. Every reader, however, can profit by the *aperçus* of his essay.

The native turn of Burke's mind is clearly and finely apparent in parts of his earlier *Counterstatement* (1931) – especially the essay "Gide and Mann" and the "Program". Though a mind sceptical about ultimates, it is mildly and mellowly rather than truculently so disposed. It is a mind capable of defending its scepticism, not on any absolute basis, but as an ingredient in the temperamental mixture of any complete community. Society, it maintains, can endure and even profit from a considerable admixture of doubt and doubters. There will always be domgatists enough, both naïve and learned, to stabilize the world. For one doubting Thomas there are eleven who believe. Thomas too has his vocation, his mission; and we need not fear that the Thomases will too rapidly propagate their kind. Finally, it urges that men's "biological imperatives" will effectively counteract any undue corrosion of the dissolving intellect: the belly and the blood cry out even in the enervated constitution of the "thinker".

Permanence and Change exhibits the sceptic toppling from his posture, less confident of its present usefulness, yet unable to shift its muscles to another equilibrium. Burke cannot live up to his titular prospectus. He now desires a balance of flux and fixity, but he is infinitely more *conscious* of that which moves than of that which abides. The waves really ebb and flow, but the shores remain hypothetical.

Instead of receding, his scepticism has actually advanced. From feeling sympathetic with the sceptics in a world of dogmatists, he now can entertain a sceptical sympathy with contending dogmatists. Yet it is, after all, a naïve kind of doubt which can sweep away the theologies of the world as myths and delusions. The really corrosive acid is the doubt of my doubt. Perhaps after all these Hindu jungles are as real as my neat little Yankee flat. What warrant is there that "modernism" is really *le dernier cri*, that we shall not live to see it palpably as flat and flatulent as deism or utilitarianism, that Bertrand Russell will not prove a vain thing for safety? The old-fashioned sceptic knew that Catholicism was all priest-devised imposture and the superstition of women and children; his modish grandson, feeling no such comfortable certainty, is likely to adopt the patronizing tolerance of a Santayana. Anything *may* be true – the irrational quite as probably as the rational! So speaks the model of 1935.

Burke has reached a high degree of this sceptical comprehensiveness. He can *enter sympathetically* into the magical, the mystical, the Lawrentianly primitivist "views". He can show how self-consistent, how self-sustaining, each "classical" system is. "Frazer seems to think that the belief in the efficacy of magic broke down through the discovery of its errors; yet the rationalization as he describes it was so totally consistent and so well corroborated by 'practical successes', that I do not see how it could possibly have lost prestige through disproof." And we, in turn, may ask: How can the sceptic *disprove* the Christian belief in the efficacy of prayer? The naïve zealot no doubt finds his prayers answered when they are granted, but the theologian is not so guileless: prayers can be answered in the negative as well as the affirmative; the prayer is not divinely ignored because divinely denied. The gloss on "Give me my daily bread" is "Thy will be done". Calvinism, it will be recalled, broke down, like the one-horse shay, not a piece at a time but *totum simul.*

Mr. Burke's *sympathetic* scepticism has the advantage of liberating him from dogmatic modernism and from its corollary, the belief that Christians and other idealists are all hypocrites or, more charitably viewed, deluded rationalizers. Quite properly he stigmatizes as parochial the psychoanalytic interpretation of religion.

"The entire motivation by which Augustine lived and wrote is categorically discarded [by Rebecca West] in favour of a few sexual impulses which can, at best, be shown to have been an ingredient in his motivation. By what authority can one call them the essence of his motivation? Non-sexual interests may be interpreted as the symbolization of sexual interests – but then again, sexual interests may themselves be considered as the symbolization of non-sexual interests." So they may; catch the apologetic who can. Burke does not linger; he throws out the hint "in passing". His *dialectic of motivation* lands him at no terminus of conviction; it is a species of mind-flexing jugglery, an essay in scepticism.

The "classic" systems of thought seem to him disprovable. And in a real sense, this is the case. There are logical gaps, to be sure, in every system; but in the greater philosophies we are impressed with the customary *sequitur* of deductions from "first principles". Philosophers and theologians, however, start, and must start, from some axiom or set of axioms which their critics may dub assumptions but which the propounders accept as the testimony of experience or as self-evident. In his *Creative Sceptics*, T. V. Smith has recently had some harsh words to say about "self-evident" ideas, regarding them indeed as the last and despicable refuge of the rationalizer. It is no doubt true that what seems basic and obvious to one man does not seem so to all – even the *consensus fidelium* can be found only by first defining the *fideles.* If I undertake to apply the Cartesian criterion, "de ne comprehendre rien de plus en mes jugements que ce qui se présenterait si clairement et si distinctement à mon esprit que je n'eusse aucune occasion de le mettre en doubte", I may succeed in finding such a base for my own thought; but thought propels itself toward the universal: I feel no deep concern to discover ideas unassailably *clear* and *distinct* to my apprehension if they are so for *me* alone; and so soon as I undertake to compare notes with my fellows, contemporary or past, I find a wide divergence as to *what* ideas are clear and distinct.

Human nature is not, however, so variable that the self-evident varies from individual to individual; and in our progress up from solipsism we may take a "rest stop" at the position that there are possible only limited numbers of reasonably self-consistent systems. The student of Greek philosophy is impressed by the fact that all conceivable systems appear represented, in embryo, at least, within its limits. Heraclitus, Democritus, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Epicurus, Pyrrho, Plotinus: do not these names run the gamut of all our *Weltanschauungen* – monism, pluralism, materialism, idealism, pragmatism, mysticism, ethicism? Of modern systems, Marxism, with its cluster of associated ideas – materialism, determinism, the denial of personality, and the abolition of private property – seems undeniably one. Can we say, with William James, that a philosophy represents a reasoned form of an initial temperamental insight? If so, we can add that the basic temperamental types are few enough so that the developed systems which follow from these initial *aperçus* are also few, but as permanent as are, in human nature, the absolute sceptic, the materialist, the rationalist, and the mystic. It is, then, in their initial insight rather than in their logical method that men differ. They reason honestly enough, but their experience being limited, their initial stock of assumptions is similarly limited, and so is the applicability of their inferences.

To clear the ground of all save five or six basic if rival systems, each accounting for the universe with such order and completeness as reason can supply – this seems encouraging. Our probing may, however, press to the analysis of more restricted and fluid types, which we may call the *professional* views. If I am a dentist, can I avoid scrutiny of the crowns, bridges, and plain apertures in the mouths of my neighbours; if I am a psychologist or a physician, can I help seeing them as "cases" or patients; if I am a business man, as customers or "prospects"; as an English teacher, can I avoid, mentally at least, correcting the grammar of those who board at the same table? "The doctor looks at literature?" To be sure. And so do the economist and the banker and the clergyman, each with a focus of his own. Burke discusses such vocational responses; but at the end of the book he falls into the universal trap, and after having made us conscious of how inevitably *we* look through our own professional *pince-nez*, he dons his own: life is most accurately seen by the literary man; "the ultimate metaphor for discussing the universe and man's relations to it must be the poetic or dramatic metaphor". That the vocabulary of rhetoric may, by analogy, be applied to life no one can deny, and that our thinking, at its most abstract, remains more metaphorical (as well as more anthropomorphic) than we know, I shall not deny; but why is the rhetorician more ultimate in diagnostic than the doctor, with his metaphors of health and disease, or the farmer, with his of seedtime and harvest, of rain, sunshine, and frost, of blight, dry-rot, and ripeness?

Here we have been presented with a half-truth or a third truth. One sort of rebuttal is offered by Coleridge, who, addressing his *Aids to Reflection* to all earnest men, irrespective of vocation, urges that by analysis and meditation "you may draw from the fleeting facts of your wordly trade, art, or profession, a science permanent as your immortal soul": in the universe of thought, that is, no blind alleys exist; this village road enters one upon a system of highways which encircle the world. Start anywhere, ask your way from town to town, and you will end up everywhere. The full implications of "flower in the crannied wall" – or turnip in the garden patch – land us at the destination for which all souls are bound. What serves the indolent traveller as terminal may serve another as junction and yet another as initiation.

This answer postulates, on the part of its candidate, such extraordinary qualifications as belong to but few: earnestness, intellectual eagerness, method. But even the "plain man" has not had justice done him by any caricature which restricts him to his trade. The physician, far from dealing solely in pills and potions, is also a husband, a father, and a Mason; the banker is a son, a brother, an uncle, a Republican, and a Unitarian; the celebrated industrialist plays golf, teaches Sunday School, and patronizes the opera. Even the most arrant specialist is not exhausted by the dimensions of his speciality. And no relationship is exclusively one-sided: while the teacher corrects his students' "themes", his own knowledge of human nature is corrected by what they write; when the "doctor looks at literature", we must not, in remembering who he is, forget at what he looks.

Perhaps all "views" of the universe, though couched in so many series of metaphors, all, equally, afford a guide to its meaning; perhaps they play the same cosmic melody but in many keys, on instruments of various timbre; perhaps, like some giant fugue in multiple voices they enter and re-enter, pitching the theme at the octave, the fifth, the third. . . . But in seeking to "explain" the unified reference of various analogical systems I myself fall into the musician's metaphor!

The scheme is tempting, but it must be rejected if it postulates any equipollence of metaphors. Assuredly it does matter whether I think of the universe under the type of Paley's watch and Adams's dynamo or conceive of it under some more humane and spiritual guise – whether I take my start from matter or from mind, whether man or machine be my center for exploration. Let us at least call a truce. If the pre-scientific ages saw the physical world anthropomorphically, animistically, we need not counter by mechanistic invasion of the world within, nor turn society into a sociological laboratory. The sciences may adopt the machine as their symbol; the humanities seek a more flexible and creative metaphor.

Does this split the universe asunder, set the "free man" in the context of an alien and incomprehensible environment? Not so, I think. The machine is man's vassal and his tool; "things" are man's "saddle": one metahpor ministers to its master.

Philosophers used to speak with condemnation of argument by analogy. Recently, however, the humane voice of W. P. Montague, the William James of our day, has been raised in behalf of the thesis that the universe should be regarded as not Reason or Will but Imagination. Have artists, like women and mystics, their "way of knowing"? Is there a "woman's reason"; is there a "*raison du coeur*"; do "we musicians know"? Doubtless all our thinking is more metaphorical, as well as more anthropomorphic, than we recognize; and Burke has done us the service of drawing this mental trait into the open. Doubtless, too, the women, the artists, and the mystics are witnesses to kinds of experience which reason, the coordinator, must take into inclusive account. But whatever future development may await it, the "logic of metaphor" is yet primitive and undisciplined; perhaps by its very nature it cannot be more. Further, metaphorical languages, like national vernaculars, are specialized and divisive; man has felt the need of an intellectual Latin, a universal tongue into which whatever in the "vulgar languages" was capable of abstraction could be translated. The idiom of reason, philosophy, seems to me that abstractive universal language, the common denominator of our technical and personal speech. My metaphors are comprehended only by those of like temperament and vocation with myself: the denuded language of reasoning is our only hope of transcending these conditionings and mounting to the *homo*.

Thirty-three pages from the end, Burke hits upon a metahpor which seems to him to validate our passage from solipsism or vocational conditioning to a more objective truth. It is "recalcitrance" — that is to say, whatever I may *think*, there are always the blunt facts; and sooner or later I stub my intellectual toes against them. This sounds suspiciously like Johnson's refutation of Berkeley; it appears, further, to be an afterthought and not integral to Burke's earlier *modus videndi.* Has he not earlier shown that neither magic nor mysticism is refutable by an appeal to *facts*? By implication, at least, he holds the view that he who undertakes to refute one philosophy does so by means of a rival philosophy which offers a variant interpretation of the same data.

By "recalcitrance", a backhanded term, Burke doubtless means what is ordinarily called "reality", one aspect of which we can recognize under this name. Five or six systems may, as I have suggested, be worked out, with equal logical consistency, from their initial assumptions. Of philosophies in general we may say that they may fail on either or both of two scores: their premises or their inferences. How are we able to criticize the premises; what can correct a false beginning? We come into conflict either with opposing views held by others, leading us to reconsider and perhaps to enlarge the basis upon which we stand; or our theory of what should happen fails of pragmatic justification: experience does not conform to our laws. When I am checked up short by that of which I had not taken due account, I am corrected by "recalcitrance".

Human error is partly intellectual — we don't reason accurately; partly moral — we don't employ, with proper vigour and persistence, what intellectual powers we possess; partly — perhaps chiefly — our inevitable finiteness. God is, by reason of his omniscience, the only absolutely true philosopher. Since we "see in part", what wonder that we don't see "eye to eye"! But seeing in part is partial *seeing*, and offers no warrant for despair; for it is evident that some men see no further than their noses and other men as far as the horizon. Our progress toward the "truth" is attained partly by the better ordering of what experience, immediate and vicarious, we already possess; but also – and more important – by enlarging that experience which, systematized, forms our "view". Introspection and extraspection: both can be deepened and developed. To be sure, I cannot totally escape my "temperamental self" – and there is no reason why I should wish it, since to my temperament also has been revealed its measure of the whole truth; but I can transcend it by attending to the testimonies of others, not merely among my countrymen and my contemporaries but among the remote and the immortals. I can approach the "universal man".

The final step from scepticism is one of faith. It is impossible to "think" unless we *assume* that the nature of the universe, physical and mental, constitutes a coherent whole, a uni-verse; otherwise we are reduced to voicing our tastes, our "as I like it", our evanescent moods – reduced to speaking alternately, not in dialogue. We cannot argue unless occasionally we can cry out: "Illogical"; we cannot reason unless we believe that something "follows" from something else; we cannot even deny the coherence of the cosmos without affirming our possession of that criterion. We must make that act of faith. In practice, no man can persistently limit himself to mere personal testimony. On instinct, we assume that our experiences are at least partially comparable, that our assertions refer to a common ground, that, though our postures and languages differ, we are talking about the same thing.

If any school of philosophers may be called rationalists in the grand style, it is that of the post-Kantian idealists; yet what does Bradley say? "Metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct, but to find these reasons is no less an instinct." Santayana calls it "animal faith". Catholicism posits but one escape from ultimate scepticism: "an act of faith, faith that man can know, that reason and experience can gain him true knowledge". On this thesis, three very dissimilar witnesses appear to agree. We can have reasons for Reason, but Reason itself can find commencement nowhere else than in faith. To doubt reasons and reasonings is sound and necessary; to doubt reasoning and reason is intellectual suicide.

The Centrality of Money and Machinery

II. *Machinery*

A. J. Penty

UNTIL yesterday anybody who ventured to doubt the wisdom of the unrestricted use of machinery was dismissed as a crank, since the vast mass of people preferred to regard any evils to which it gave rise as nothing more than the maladjustments incidental to an age of transition that would disappear as the process of mechanization was completed and equilibrium re-established on a higher level. But this complacent attitude is no longer possible. It has become evident that equilibrium is not going to be established at a higher level. Our system of finance and industry is being imperilled by the development of automatic machinery which, displacing labour, reduces purchasing power and reacts to undermine the price-system and superstructure of credit which it supports. Hence the emergence of a new and critical attitude towards machinery, which is welcome, for a change of attitude is indispensable to any solution of our problems.

Douglasites will tell us they have got the solution. But I submit the solution calls for a change infinitely more fundamental than anything they stand for. The Douglas theory that the dividend is destined to be the successor to the wage is plausible, and would be unanswerable if the wage-system were the only institution that is breaking down under the impact of mechanization. But a wider survey reveals that not only is the financial system involved in the fate of the wage-system but that every other institution and tradition of society exhibits signs of collapse. Religion, art, politics, industry, technical skill, the family are all in a state of dissolution and decay; the very framework of society is going to pieces. As the unrestricted use of machinery has been the most powerful agent in this process of destruction, it follows that there can be no solution apart from a restriction of its use. To get the subject into its proper perspective, it is necessary, however, to see the problem of machinery as a part of the changed attitude towards life and society that took place at the time of the Renaissance. By substituting an external for an internal approach to life, the Renaissance set in motion the forces of social disintegration which are reaching their climax in our day. But the flaw in the Renaissance did not become fully realized until the machine arrived to upset the whole organic rhythm of life, destroying the age-long patterns of human society.

Before the advent of the machine, men found in their work an opportunity for the exercise of their creative faculties, they found real joy in the excellence of what they did. Culture came to a man at his work. But once machinery came along, all this was changed. So far from doing all the drudgery and setting men free to do interesting work, as is generally assumed, it is much nearer the truth to say that the effect of machinery has been to reduce most interesting work to the level of drudgery, for though in some directions machinery has reduced drudgery, its general influence has been the reverse, to destroy charm in work and turned it into hated toil, into mechanical, depersonalized, anonymous tasks. The creative part of work under industrialism belongs to the inventor; the men who operate the machinery he invents are its slaves. Their activities, stripped of all meaning, consist of repeating thousands of times a day some simple mechanical operation like clipping a wire or turning a screw over a conveyor belt. In consequence, the worker is broken into a mere fragment of a man; work which for him was formerly creative effort and a means of culture has become a deadly routine which deadens his imagination, leaving him restless and dissatisfied with life. Thus machinery and the subdivision of labour, which is inseparable from it, have cut at the roots of human development by putting a check on man's exuberance, thwarting the major and creative impulses that give value to life. And it is not only the lives of the workers that are affected, for the riches and luxury it brings to a few prove to be as fruitful a source of unhappiness and spiritual atrophy as the poverty, dependence, and slavery it brings to the workers.

For these reasons there are no grounds for believing in the theory of Marx that machinery is constructive as well as destructive; that if it destroys old traditions it creates new ones to take their place. The new traditions, if we may so call them, that have come into existence as a result of machinery serve only the surface of life. They are no substitutes for the old, whose place remains empty. And yet Marx merely puts into words the unfounded assumptions of the man in the street, who until yesterday was content to assume that machinery could do no wrong. On no other hypothesis is it possible to explain why in modern times he should be content to remain the passive spectator of the thoughtless destruction of the civilization that sustains and shelters him. People acquiesce in this destruction in the name of "Progress", which, associated with the many marvels of science, has made them so credulous and uncritical that they are capable of swallowing anything that wears the right label. Some day they will ask whether this "Progress" is really progress or whether it is not a most vicious reaction in whose name they have sacrificed their precious heritage and got nothing in return except a rubbish heap; and they will understand then what Anatole France meant when he said: "The worst of science is that it stops men thinking."

II

The last two generations have witnessed a series of wonderful inventions – the phonograph, automobile, aeroplane, cinema, radio, television – each more surprising than the last. They are miracles of achievement, but they are no compensation for the life mechanization has destroyed. They leave us bored, restless, and dissatisfied, because while the changed social conditions they have been the means of bringing into existence have created for us new wants, they deny us the satisfaction of our permanent needs; and this among other things makes their influence destructive. Take the radio, a miracle if ever there was one – sound transformed into light, and back again; and so quickly that the process is instantaneous. Yet, all things considered, are we any the better for it? Ships at sea have undoubtedly benefited; it may also be admitted to have benefited people living lonely lives. But generally speaking, no. The radio is destroying conversation, reading, thinking; possibly it is destroying music at its source. It is certainly destroying repose; numberless people have come to demand the noise it makes. They have become habituated to listening-in without listening. Instead of stimulating our wonder, which is one of the things that makes life worth living, and which it might have been supposed such a marvel would have done, it has had the opposite effect. The very facility with which we can switch it on and off, and listen to Paris, Berlin, or Rome ends in killing even the desire to listen; it has all become too commonplace. The cinema too is a wonderful invention. But its influence, like that of radio, is to destroy our sense of wonder, and it is perhaps even more devastating.

Nobody will deny that the aeroplane is a menace; it is the sword of Damocles hung over us. But what about that other creation of the internal-combustion engine – the automobile? No doubt it offers advantages; all evil things do, otherwise they would have no power in the world. It is a solace to people who live in our crowded towns. But has any other invention been so destructive in so short a time? The introduction of railways had a revolutionary effect, but nothing like that of the automobile, because while railways keep to their tracks automobiles go everywhere. There is no escaping them. They crowd our streets and invade our houses, which are ceasing to be places to live in and are becoming places to park in. The automobile has not only revolutionized our methods of transport but our social life. Its impact is felt everywhere and with disastrous effect. People have become so accustomed to rushing about, to an atmosphere of speed, noise, and hustle as to be incapable of settling down. Thrills have become for the man of today a necessity, psychic dope to keep his mind off present trouble. The automobile by accelerating the pace of life has changed our personal and mental habits, manners, and morals; and not the least of its achievements has been to facilitate thieving and other criminal activities. Our roads have become unfenced railways, with the result that nearly a quarter of a million people are killed or injured annually by automobiles in Great Britain alone. Meanwhile the demand for gasoline is a source of international difficulties and may some day lead to war.

The reactions of the automobile on our environment has been even more devastating than on our lives. Our countryside is being permanently ruined by a generation that has neither the wit to create nor the intelligence to value and preserve what it has inherited. Since the War there has been more vandalism than in any corresponding period of history. Our towns, which under the impulse of the Industrial Revolution developed like huge carbuncles, at the impact of the automobile suddenly burst, as it were, and spawned over the countryside, destroying in the process an appreciable part of the beauty of the land. Wherever we go nowadays we find ourselves confronted by a new blend of ugliness, compounded of anaemic-looking bungalows, gasoline pumps, and concrete roads; all the consequence of the automobile. Buildings, old and new, are being shaken to pieces, because apparently it would be against "progress" to take heavy motor-traffic off the roads; which being interpreted means, it would prevent A from selling lollipops a cent an ounce cheaper than B. Did any people since history began so completely lose its sense of proportion? Our monuments of architecture must be destroyed in order that A may sell lollipops cheaper than B. And no official person would ever think of questioning the sanity of the proceeding. As they say, "it is the only thing to do". We're demented.

But the worst is yet to come. No indictment of mechanization would be complete which omitted a reference to its reactions upon the activities of war. Most people look upon the application of science to militarism as an aberration. They still cling to the Victorian notion that industrialism and militarism represent opposed principles; one making for war and the other for peace. But never was belief more plainly contradicted by the facts, inasmuch as both are expressions of the worship of wealth and the bent given to the human mind by the cult of mechanism. The ideas of progress, national expansion, the competition for markets and for sources of raw material – all consequences of the unrestricted use of machinery – prove to be much more fruitful causes of war than ever were the ambitions of princes. By making each nation the cut-throat rival of the rest, it has sowed the seeds of suspicion and distrust everywhere, while instead of railways and telegraphs operating to remove the barriers between nations they have had the very opposite effect, keeping them in a perpetual state of nerves. Thus in various ways industrialism and militarism give each other mutual support. The tremendous scale on which war in these days is conducted is additional evidence of that fact, for it needs the whole industrial apparatus to make it possible. Thus science becomes an agency for the wholesale destruction of man and his works. Civilization will not be able to recover from the shock of another great war.

Now the reason why the triumphs of mechanization should have such inhuman effects is not far to seek. It is because, to use the words of Berdyaev, "there are no technical ends of life, only technical means: the ends of life belong to another sphere, to that of the spirit". From this it follows that the integrity of society can only be upheld when the technical side of things is kept in subjection. Experience suggests that unless this principle is followed, technique grows and grows until it attains to complete dominion over human life, when the means of life comes to usurp so important a place in man's consciousness as to entirely obscure its end. There can be no doubt that an irreconcilable antagonism exists between mechanization and the life of the spirit. To find a solution for this problem we must place a limit to our material wants, for increasing material wants promotes mechanization. We must cease to worship mere quantity, for there can be no doubt that our pursuit of quantity is dragging us down. It comes about this way. If you produce in quantities you must, if you are to sell your products, take the world as you find it. You must make the taste and standards of the average man your standard. From this it follows that you exclude everything that is above the average. But to exclude everything that is above the average is to exclude the best elements in society; it is to exclude the best men and things. And this, in the long run is fatal to society, for it is to abolish all standards and deprive society of leadership, and when this happens civilization loses direction, for average men can only be kept straight when they follow in the path of leaders, when they are in contact with persons and things higher than themselves. Thus we see the pursuit of quantitative ideals is suicidal for society; it leads ever to a lower level.

The workings of this principle can be seen most clearly in connection with the Press. There was a time when newspapers were responsible organs of opinion; and to a limited extent some still are. But that day is past or nearly past. The position of the responsible newspaper was gradually undermined by newspapers which made the attainment of the largest circulation the goal of their ambition. To attain that object they renounced leadership and pandered to the standards, tastes, and prejudices of the average man, while they built upon advertisements, fortifying their position on the one hand by printing only short articles which limited discussion to things on the surface, and on the other by sneering at all who attempted to maintain standards as highbrows, who as a consequence found themselves excluded or reduced to impotence. But the case of the Press is not exceptional; it only displays more dramatically the fundamental antagonism that exists between a qualitative and a quantitative standard, between the pursuit of ideals and success, life and wealth, means and ends. The same thing is happening in every activity which rests upon spiritual values. The unrestricted employment of machinery has everywhere been accompanied by a progressive spiritual deterioration.

III

Sufficient has perhaps now been said to demonstrate the irreconcilable antagonism between mechanization and the life of the spirit. From this it follows that if everything that appertains to the spiritual life of man is not to be thrust out of society, if man is not to fall absolutely under the power of the machine, it will be necessary to restrict its use, which, it is clear, must be done in the light of a spiritual principle, of a hierarchy of values to which material values must be subordinated; in other words, the use of machinery must be restricted wherever it conflicts with the claims of religion, art, and culture, that is, wherever it conflicts with what we regard as the permanent interests of man and society, since it is only on this assumption that spiritual things can manifest themselves, and apart from their manifestation there can be no hope of controlling the material. The modernist idea of spiritualizing the machine entirely lacks reality. You might as well try to spiritualize a crocodile.

If we take our stand on the principle that spiritual things must come first, then it will follow that the right use of the products of science is to serve as accessories, to supplement what has gone before not to replace it. To use an illustration. It is not a perfect illustration for it is open to at least one objection. Nevertheless in the absence of a better one it may serve to suggest a way of thinking about the right place of machinery in society. Take central heating. It is a product of science and is very convenient. It is indispensable for the purpose of heating public halls, but in domestic buildings its use should be of an accessory nature – to supplement fires in large rooms and to warm corridors. It should not be allowed to replace the domestic fire because the home fire is something more than a method of heating. It is company, a centre of family and social life, while the pleasure we take in the glow of coal or charcoal is a deeply rooted instinct in our nature and cannot be assuaged by any artificial means of heating. To abolish fires whether in favour of central heating or gas fires is to abolish to a great extent what we mean by "hearth and home". It is to lessen the attraction of the home as a place to live in, to weaken emotional ties. Houses without fires in winter are places to get out of as quickly as possible; the abolition of fires alters social life. Central heating is therefore a blow at the family, and through the family at society. There is no end to the social and economic implications of the change. And all to save a little labour and trouble. But everything that makes life worth living means some trouble; and when we have got rid of all the trouble we have got rid of all the quality. The poetry will have gone out of life which henceforth will be neat, efficient, impersonal, and a bore. In the *Web of Indian Life* Sister Nivedita tells us that the introduction of the water tap into India broke up the communal life of Indian society because under the new conditions the women no longer met daily at the well to fetch water. I wonder to what extent the introduction of central heating could be held responsible for the decay of home life in the modern world. It has certainly a great deal to do with it.

A volume could be written on the fallacy of saving time and labour, but in the meanwhile here is a story. I remember some thirty or so years ago watching some men mowing a field of barley with scythes. Being a little curious I asked the farmer who was standing near why he did not use a reaper. He replied that he had got most of the harvest in with the help of a reaper; but as only this field remained to be cut, and he had nothing else for the men to do, he decided to cut it by hand. Most people would say "How foolish!"; yet it really was very wise. The farmer saw one thing clearly that the modern world does not understand, and which it will not find rest until it does, namely — *that there is no purpose in saving time or labour unless we know what we are going to do with it*, since in the absence of any clear idea of what to do with the saved time and labour it is almost a certainty the resulting idleness will lead to some mischief or folly. Moreover, mowing with a scythe is fun; it is just as much fun as rowing a boat, as I know from experience. Why should anyone deny himself this pleasure in order to have three or four days with nothing to do? Saving labour generally means taking the fun out of work. I can remember as a boy helping to get in the harvest and it was real fun. But I imagine there is little fun left in mechanized agriculture. And how is mechanized agriculture seen to be ending? It has certainly got rid of relative scarcity. But in so doing it upset the price system and brought ruin on the farmers themselves. To find a remedy measures have been taken to reduce acreages in order to get the price system and the machinery of distribution to work again. It is easy to criticize this procedure from the viewpoint of abstract economics. But no one so far has discovered how abstract economics can be translated into the concrete.

It becomes evident that a rational use of machinery depends on the wisdom and common sense of people generally. Finally it depends upon our valuing the right things – and to value one thing often means that to retain it we must be prepared to sacrifice something we value less. If we love spiritual things or personal independence more than possessions we shall restrict the use of machinery in order to preserve them. And the more conscious we are of incompatibles, the more ruthless we shall be in the application of this principle. Thus suppose we came to the conclusion that the choice is between having automobiles and a beautiful architecture and countryside, that is, between living in a beautiful environment and rushing about aimlessly in an ugly one – and it becomes daily increasingly difficult to avoid this conclusion – which should we choose? If our appreciation of architecture were real, we should decide to abolish automobiles, or at any rate to restrict their use within such narrow limits that they ceased to be a menace. On the other hand if we are spiritually dead, aesthetically blind, and architecture means nothing to us, if we are not accustomed to experience the exhilaration produced by wonder and beauty, and our lives are therefore emotionally empty, we should without a doubt demand automobiles for the sake of the thrills they give us. When life is dead and flat the physical thrill is welcome, though it may be a poor substitute for the life of the spirit; and we shall come to acquiesce in the destruction of architecture and the countryside for the sake of the thrill, for being blind and fuddled, we shall never be able to see the connection. And so in regard to the most important modern inventions. Their use involves the sacrifice of things which those who are spiritually alive value.

At the best they are substitutes offering satisfaction at a lower level which tends ever to sink gradually lower.

The argument that mechanization enables the many to enjoy art and culture, which hitherto were only enjoyed by the few, is only half true, as anybody can see who compares the present with the past. In former times art was the common possession of the whole people – there were folk arts and peasant crafts everywhere. But these popular arts were destroyed by the false aesthetic standards of the Renaissance, which limited participation in the arts to a few. Then after the people had been deprived of their native arts, mechanization had sought to fill the gap by providing reproductions of the fine arts. But they are no substitutes; for fine arts depend more upon an educated than a natural taste – and the robot whom industrialism brings into existence is too exhausted physically and psychically to respond to art or culture of any kind. Science, machinery, mechanization are good up to a certain point. But they become a cruel form of tyranny when they are permitted to grow to such dimensions as to destroy every outlet but themselves, and thus thwart the major impulses that give value to life. It is no accident that the arts flourished in the pre-machine age and wither in this. Art and mechanization have their roots in fundamentally different approaches to life and work, and no useful purpose can be served by seeking to identify them.

IV

If wisdom had prevailed when machinery was introduced, it would have been carefully regulated from the start. For though its undoubted advantage would have been recognised, society would not have deliberately closed its eyes to the perils that might follow the liberation of such an unknown power. Machinery would not have been allowed to trespass on the domains of the spirit, to separate men from the material world of substance, form, and colour, much less to disintegrate the fabric of civilization on the off chance of something arising more admirable to take its place. In these circumstances the only intelligent policy to pursue is to seek to control machinery by imposing such restrictions on its use as experience suggests are desirable. The following occur to me:

(1) The use of machinery should be restricted where its use conflicts with the claims of personality — that is, it should not be allowed to turn men into robots.

(2) It should not be allowed where its use is injurious to health.

(3) It should not be allowed to interfere with the livelihoods of men.

(4) It should not be allowed where it conflicts with the claims of the crafts and arts.

(5) It should not be allowed to multiply commodities beyond the point at which natural demand is satisfied — that is, beyond the point at which sales need to be artificially stimulated by advertising.

(6) It should not be allowed to trespass seriously upon the world's supply of irreplaceable raw material.

Simultaneously efforts should be made to revive handicraft and small-scale industry, while farming should be placed on a subsistence basis. Such measures are the corollaries of the use of machinery. They would restore the human scale of values, bring back a normal social life, give independence, and pave the way for a revival of the arts.

While many people will agree in principle as to the desirability of such restrictions on machinery, they doubt the possibility of imposing them at this time of day. But let them ask themselves this question: Can civilization survive apart from restriction of machinery? It is only necessary to consider the last of the restrictions I proposed to realize that it cannot, for machinery is using up the world's supply of raw material at such an alarming rate that it is certain the life of industrial civilisation on its present basis is very limited. Exactly how long it will last it is impossible to say, for new sources of supply may any day be discovered. But assuming no new sources are discovered, the shortage in some directions will, according to Mr. Stuart Chase, become in America serious within a generation or so, if not catastrophic. And considering, as he tells us, that more metal has already been used in this century than in the previous history of the world his prophesy looks not improbable. But even supposing industrialism on its present basis can last another century, which is certainly an outside estimate, it is folly to neglect the warning. For though new sources of supply of raw material may be found, they must come to an end within a measurable distance of time, for there is no reason to suppose that luck will favour us indefinitely. The progress of a civilization that squanders its resources and trusts to something's turning up is a "rake's progress" and can only end disastrously.

That machinery should be restricted in order to prevent gluts in the market, and that it should not be allowed where its employment is injurious to health, would I imagine be admitted by all except a minority of incurable individualists, so that there is no need for me to develop these issues. The proposal to limit the use of machinery in order not to create unemployment links up with the proposal to restrict it where it conflicts with the claims of the crafts and arts, and with the claims of personality. Our attitude towards these proposals will be determined by what we believe to be finally the nature of society, art, and man. If we believe that human nature is without permanent needs; that there is nothing in the nature of man that is not for practical purposes is fixed and unalterable; that his nature is entirely plastic, and that he can be pressed into any mould or twisted into any shape that mechanization demands; that society may assume any shape that the imagination of man may devise; and that art has no integrity of its own, has not its own internal law but is entirely an emanation of social and industrial conditions, then no doubt we shall be opposed to all limitations on the use of machinery, for according to minds so constituted machinery is not made for man but man for machinery. But if, on the contrary, we do not believe that such is the case, that human nature and social organization are only capable of adaptation within well-defined limits, and that art when it is vital is prophetic rather than reflective, we shall see the wisdom of such restrictions; we shall demand the subordination of technique to spirit, because we shall realize that if machinery is to be turned from destructive to constructive purposes it can only be on the assumption that its use is restricted. It may be true, as is often said, that civilizations in the past were all to some extent based upon exploitation and slavery, but if under industrialism the workers are free as regards their persons they are more enslaved in their work, and if there is any substance in the idea that machinery can be used as an instrument to lighten the burden of labour, it can only be on the assumption that its use is carefully regulated. The refusal to admit the essentially destructive nature of machinery has led people to live in a world of illusions and made the advance of machinery as devastating as a forest fire that consumes everything in its path, for machinery is destructive as fire is destructive, though like fire it may be used for constructive purposes when its dangers are recognized. All people with their eyes open see that destruction is proceeding on a vast scale today, that the world is being dehumanized and despiritualized by the monstrous power of machinery, and that unless it can be got under control civilization must perish.

V

To recognize what wants doing is one thing; to do it is another. And though there are many people today who realize the necessity of controlling machinery and the principles to be observed, they are by no means clear as to how it is to be done. And indeed it cannot be done until a new faith can be found to replace that of Progress, popular belief in which diverts all reform activities into false channels, while it stands in the way of most things' being done that want doing. For a hundred and fifty years the idea of Progress furnished society with a living faith of dynamic power. It was a purely quantitative conception, and went with the idea of industrial expansion which it assumed had no limits, the physical conquest of nature, democracy, internationalism, free trade, peace and goodwill among nations, which my some obscure mental process people managed to persuade themselves followed industrialization. But this simple faith is not likely to last much longer. It has had too many hard knocks of recent years for its votaries to remain indefinitely unperturbed in a state of adoration. They are awakening to find that instead of the New Jerusalem appearing at the end of the process there has come discord and disillusionment, intensification of the economic struggle, unemployment, class warfare and revolution, with international war as an ever-present contingency. In consequence, the idea of Progress has lost much of its glamour. The growth of unemployment and militarism have particularly contributed to this end; and they are very closely related. It is said that in Germany not more than seven per cent of university graduates are able to find jobs. The remainder generated that discontent which Nazism exploited. And the spirit of Nazism must become universal if the implications of machine production are not faced. In a more fundamental sense these developments are the logical consequence of our preoccupation with means to the neglect of ends. For the neglect of ends leads to the thwarting of human endeavour and hence to explosive consequences.

The persistence of the economic deadlock contributes to the same end of destroying faith in Progress, because it exposes the fallacy of indefinite industrial expansion. Realization that industry has moved into an economic cul-de-sac can only end in reconciling people to the idea of retracing their steps, for there is no such thing as going forward in a cul-de-sac. Hence economic frustration will result in an effort to find lost roads. People will begin to connect the Golden Age with the past rather than the future. Indeed this is already happening, for people today are wistfully glancing back if it is only to the pre-War past, which to many today begins to seem like a Golden Age, to look so rosy compared with the drab present. This change of attitude is to be welcomed. It may be assumed that the new orientation we can see taking place will end by giving society the new faith of which it stands in need. For the idea of returning to the past is the exact antithesis of the idea of Progress and should therefore supply the needed dynamic. The pursuit of Progress having upset the balance in one direction an effort to return to the past, to establish contacts again with old values is necessary to correct the disequilibrium.

Among those values a foremost place must be given to that of beauty. "In the old days," says Mr. Wallace in *New Frontiers*, "we could not trust ourselves with joy and beauty because they ran counter to our competitive search for wealth and power." That is so. And because beauty is the stone which the builders rejected, it will, I am persuaded, be associated with the new dynamic. When we come to value beauty again we shall not hesitate to restrict the use of machinery, because having come into posession of higher values with which the unrestricted use of machinery conflicts, to restrict it will no longer appear as sinning against the light but as the highest wisdom.

We speak of returning to the past. But it is a mere figure of speech, for we do not contemplate an archaeological restoration of any historical period. On the contrary what we propose is to return to the things that are eternal in the past, and particularly to Mediaeval principles, for they are eternal and universal. Mediaeval social organization once existed all over the world and to some extent does to this day. Indeed there is finally only one stable type of society and that is the Mediaeval, which would have persisted to this day had it been entirely Mediaeval. All other types are phases of the Mediaeval in dissolution. Until the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, all the great movements of human origin, good and bad, had their beginning in the study of the past; which is natural and accords with the principle of growth; for just as a seed planted in the earth goes down to get roots before it shoots up, so it is necessary for any movement which aims at fundamental change to establish contacts with the great cultures and traditions of the past before it is equipped to march forward. The Enlightenment made a break with this tradition. It taught men to look forward rather than back, promoting the idea of Progress, with the result that it has entirely separated men from their traditions by teaching them to despise what they inherited. This was not the original meaning of Progress, for it is safe to say if it had been it would never have become established. On the contrary, with Descartes, to whom it has often been ascribed, it meant nothing more than that a condition of further development was that people should test the validity of what they received, assume a position of detachment, doubting everything provisionally in order to test its truth. But in the course of time its meaning has gradually changed until today the gospel of Progress is interpreted as meaning that people should take their stand on what is successful, or what they believe will be successful in the world, on the pragmatic assumption that what is successful must be true; with the result that in proportion as people put their faith in Progress they cease to consult their own experience and come to put their trust in rumour and hearsay. And this custom tends to make the idea of Progress destructive, because, as the reason for the success of things is rarely what appears, the gospel of Progress tends to become associated with the promotion of foolishness. So that instead nowadays of it operating to make people open-minded, it operates to close their minds, while instead of bringing them into close touch with reality, it separates them from it; and because it separates people from reality, it brings into existence an atmosphere of credulity in which evil and destructive forces find it easy to materialize. We can only go forward to a Golden Age in the future on the assumption that we make our appeal to a Golden Age in the past.

REVIEWS

Pious Hopes and Drunken Assumptions*

IN THESE fifteen essays, grouped together under the title *In Praise of Idleness*, Bertrand Russell lets his mind flit lightly over the whole area of the modern social crisis; coming momentarily to rest upon problems as varied as education, feminism, architecture, leisure, communism and fascism, and the existence of the human soul; shedding pleas for mildness, good will, and tolerance as it goes along. In the end the reader is left charmed by the lucidity of the eminent British mathematician's prose, alarmed by the attractiveness of the Siren Song he sings, and finally astonished afresh that a mind so well equipped can give such impressive evidence of inconclusive thought.

The essays here published were not for the most part intended to be joined together; but they are the product of a single mind, and from them emerges a fairly clear picture of the kind of world for which Mr. Russell cherishes such fond and pathetic hope. It is a world of leisure in which men working a maximum of four hours a day produce more than enough to keep everyone in reasonable comfort; a world to which Socialism has come by persuasion and constitutional democracy rather than by anything so unrefined and unpleasant as the Communist class struggle;

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* IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS *by Bertrand Russell* (NORTON. 270 pp. $2.50).

a world which is improved by universal education (of the "proper" kind); in which women are free (though Heaven knows for what); and in which tolerance is the general rule, the motive of private profit is abolished, pain is avoided at any cost, and peace reigns among the socialist nations.

This is not, of course, the first time that such pious hopes have been expressed, nor the first time that Mr. Russell has expressed them. But whereas in his longer works their basis is likely to be hidden, in these short essays it becomes glaringly apparent that they are put forward on positively drunken assumptions.

The notion that work is a virtue, argues Mr. Russell in the essay which gives the volume its title, is the root of all evil, or if not the root at least the sign; for it is a concept sedulously fostered by that small class which hopes to maintain a state of leisure for itself at the expense of the less fortunate majority. It is not necessary to hold any contrary thesis in order to be mystified by the arguments with which Mr. Russell backs this view. "Modern technique," he says, "has made it possible for leisure, within limits, to be not the prerogative of small privileged classes, but a right evenly distributed throughout the community." What are the limits? The answer is on the tip of Mr. Russell's tongue:

> The War showed conclusively that by the scientific organization of production, it is possible to keep modern populations in fair comfort on a small part of the working capacity of the modern world. . . . An average of four hours' work a day, wisely directed, would suffice to produce what is now produced in the way of necessaries and simple comforts.

The War showed nothing of the kind. When Mr. Russell argues that England maintained something close to her normal standard of living during the conflict with less than half her normal working population at its tasks, he is ignoring nearly the whole explanation. He is in general ignoring the fact that merely maintaining the existing standard of living by no means assures reasonable comfort for all; if it did, there would be little for Mr. Russell to argue about. More specifically, he is ignoring the flood of manufactured goods that came into wartime England from the United States, the beef from Argentina, the wheat from Canada and Australia, and the consequent huge foreign debt which England piled up for want of manufactured goods to export in normal settlement for these necessary imports.

The four-hour-day dream — quite apart from what it would mean in terms of broken human liberty — does not yet rest upon any valid economic assumption. Let us hear in this connection another Socialist, whom Mr. Russell does not quote:

> It is childish lying and deception to act on the tacit assumption that thorough-going Socialism means something like a garden-city idyll, with play-houses, open-air theatres, excursions, picturesque raiment, and fireside art. This in itself quite decent ideal . . . if expressed in dry figures would, *at the lowest estimate*, demand about fivefold the capacity for production attainable by the utmost exertion with a ten-hour day. . . . To place one-third of our working class in decent freehold dwellings alone, if the material and means of production sufficed, would require the whole working capacity of this country for two years. . . . The future community is poor, the individual

is poor. . . . The traditional garden-city idyll is a Utopia about as much like reality as the pastoral Arcadianism of Marie Antoinette.

Here speaks a man worth listening to—Walther Rathenau, at once one of the most intelligent Socialists who ever lived and the best informed on the problems of modern technology; active director of threescore German corporations before the War; equipped with an experience in practical Socialism unparalleled outside Russia, through his single-handed direction of wartime German industrial production. He writes, it is true, of Germany; and he writes fifteen years ago; but he knew as few other men what the future held for technology. Born a Jew, he faced and welcomed the coming of Socialism with the peculiar fatalism and strained conception of "justice" of his race, but he faced it as a hell that had to be.

It is doubtless unfair to Mr. Russell to discuss only one of his mad assumptions, but this assumption of easily-achieved leisure is basic to his hope; and there are plenty of other examples of childish economics in his book. (Notably his triumphant argument that under private-profit capitalism the uncontrolled production of pins will inevitably throw half the labourers in the pin industry into the bread line, when anyone knows that this particular product is one of a small class with an inexpansible market, and that in any case there is nothing to prevent the pin-worker, under favourable capitalist conditions, from working at making something else.) And the assumptions upon which Mr. Russell bases his hopes in other fields are equally shaky. On one page, in arguing that women should be freed of the "drudgery" of caring for their children, he advocates communal nursery schools, in charge of "women especially trained in the care of young children", so that mothers may make their own careers and see their offspring "only long enough for affection, but not long enough for frayed nerves". But on a later page he is assailed by healthy doubts as to the effectiveness of these professional mothers, and warns that the education of children must be a kind of hobby, "to be undertaken for at most two hours a day by people whose remaining hours are spent away from children". In discussing the possibility of "freeing women from domestic slavery" through properly constructed communal apartments, he is given pathetic pause by the "psychology of the wage-earners themselves", who, "however they may quarrell", stubbornly seem to "like the privacy of the home, and find in it a satisfaction to pride and possessiveness". He never thinks of asking whether women by their nature really desire "economic equality" and "independent lives", "free from the business of buying food, cooking it, and washing up"; he simply states that they do, while deploring the outmoded notions that have kept women "proud of their enslavement".

All this, of course, and much more that goes with it, springs from Mr. Russell's failure to test his assumptions against any known experience of what mankind is like. He is capable of calmly stating (in the course of felicitating America on her freedom from a "peasant" class – equivocal word, which Socialists never dream of translating as "farmer") that "the peasant everywhere is cruel, avaricious, conservative, and inefficient". He reveals such fundamental inconsistencies of thought as to say, in discussing the obstacle presented by traditional ideas of morality in a technological age, that "gradually men will come to have *thoughts that will be in conformity with their physical habits*"; but in two other places, surprisingly enough, he appears to defend free will and the dignity of the individual by saying (when he is discussing the conflict between Fascism and Communism) that "if men think these the only alternatives, they will become so; if men think otherwise, they will not"; and by admitting that he "cannot escape the conclusion that the great ages of progress were dependent upon a small number of individuals of transcendent ability".

Throughout all fifteen essays Mr. Russell uses the terms "civilization", "culture", "the ends of life" without ever coming closer to a definition of them than a vague summation of the pleasing virtues which in his mind they represent. Civilization is first "a manner of life due to a combination of knowledge and forethought"; again, considered as the object of education, it combines, in the individual, knowledge, technical skill, the scientific habit of mind, impartiality, kindliness, and self-control—seasoned, he adds, with "the zest and joy of life". Admirable qualities all, but hardly fundamental criteria by which men may guide their lives. Indeed, although Mr. Russell devotes a whole essay to the question "What Is the Soul?", he concludes that he can agree neither with the materialists nor the supernaturalists, and in short doesn't know what he thinks. And although he pleads, in the essay in which he comes closest to fundamentals ("The Ancestry of Fascism"), that "rationality, in the sense of an appeal to *a universal and impersonal standard of truth*, is of supreme importance to the human species", he does not once attempt to discover or to justify such a standard, which is surely the primary task of anyone who pretends to speak of social questions upon anything approaching a philosophical basis.

MARVIN MCCORD LOWES

Family and Society*

THIS volume is significant because in it, for the first time, two American sociologists have borrowed from the contributions of the French sociologist, Frédéric Le Play. According to Sorokin,

> the name of Frédéric Le Play deserves to be put among the few names of the most prominent masters of social science. He and his pupils have created a really scientific method of the study and analysis of social phenomena; they elaborated one of the best systems of social science; and, finally, they formulated several important sociological generalizations. In all these contributions Le Play and his continuators have displayed a conspicuous scientific insight, a brilliant talent for scientific analysis and synthesis.

Despite the great merit of his work, however, Le Play remains largely ignored by (or unknown to) American sociologists. Many British and French students of social phenomena are deeply indebted to his work, but in America he has had practically no influence. This may be explainable by the facts that he was not a positivist but a Catholic, and produced

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*FAMILY AND SOCIETY *by Carle C. Zimmerman* and *Merle E. Frampton* (VAN NOSTRAND. 611 pp. $3.50).

monographic studies rather than theoretical treatises.

Le Play's primary interest was the family, which he properly regarded as the fundamental unit of social organization. He was interested only secondarily in other social institutions, though he included them in his studies as important influences upon the family. His chief contributions consist of (a) the development of a scientific approach to the study of the family, *viz.*, a case method of great perspicacity; and (b) the formulation of generalizations concerning the types of families, their functioning, and their relationships to the surrounding physical and social environment, based upon several hundred monographic studies of families which he prepared in accordance with his method. The fruit of Le Play's works is presented in the last half of the present volume (pp. 361-595) in the form of a condensed translation (the first published in English) of volume one of *Les ouvriers européens* (1879 revised edition).

Zimmerman and Frampton present in the first part of the book an analysis of Le Play's system and an evaluation of it as contrasted with the more widely accepted approaches to family studies (the evolutionary, Marxist, and companionate theories, and the approach which regards the family as merely a superior type of social control aiding social work). They then present a series of case studies of American families made by Frampton in accordance with Le Play's method. To one used to reading works dealing only with family problems and never mentioning normally functioning families this section comes as a relief. It treats of problems (that is necessary), but it presents not problems but families, with or without problems. It seems unfortunate that more case studies could not be included, but the book is bulky enough as it stands.

The book is a valuable contribution to American sociological literature, which has too frequently grown through the addition of new volumes rather than new ideas. As an example of sociology that is sane it furnishes a satisfactory exception to the general condemnation of contemporary sociology which Mr. Roelofs voiced in the March, 1934, issue of the REVIEW.

GEORGE STEPHEN ROCHE

A Relativist in Ethics*

THE author of this text-book, a professor of philosophy in New York University, defines ethics as "the philosophy of moral conduct and of the standards by which moral conduct and its effects are to be judged". Starting with an examination of our various ethical criteria – personal inclinations, religious authority, statute law, public opinion, conscience, reason, nature – he closes his first chapter with a conclusion that accurately defines his eclectic position:

> Evidently no isolated standard of right and wrong is proof against attack. The function of ethics is not to provide a simple and sure rule by which moral problems are to be "solved". An active intelligence revolts against whatever doctrine claims to utter the last word on any matter. Especially is this true of ethics.

Ethics is, therefore, a value-philosophy, the standards of which are not eternal. Taking this standpoint,

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*A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO ETHICS *by Philip Wheelwright* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. 463 pp. $2.00).

our author proceeds to make a critical analysis of five great types of ethical theory as being five theoretical expressions of certain moral tendencies that are active in men.

> Each of them has some truth; none is *the* truth. [The student] will neither accept nor reject any ethical theory whole. Rather he will judge each theory by the adequacy with which it interprets human experience and by the worth of its proffered ideal.

The five subjects of his analysis are: hedonism and utilitarianism; naturalism, as presented by Herbert Spencer and by Nietzsche; the idea of duty, as set forth by the English intuitionists and by Christian thinkers; rationalism, as it is worked out in the ethical ideals of the Stoics and in Kant's categorical imperative; and finally humanism, as an ethical philosophy which does justice to the entire nature and all the latent possibilities of man and which is, at the same time, "logically independent of a belief in God or in any metaphysical entity except, of course, human persons". With humanism he associates the names of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Montaigne, Ramon Fernandez, and William James.

In expounding these five types of ethical theory, the author assumes the role of a casuist, taking a variety of specific moral problems in order to show how they may be approached along the lines of the particular system under consideration. He concludes his work on general ethics with a brief chapter on three such problems: the marks of virtue in the individual, the meaning of moral responsibility, and the basis of duty towards oneself. While the author speaks of being responsible *for* something, he gives no indication of the term of moral responsibility. To what or to whom can a man be said to be morally responsible for the act or state of affairs about which an ethical judgement is made? On this point we are left completely in the dark.

In the second half of the book Dr. Wheelwright faces two questions: that arising out of the relations of the individual to society, and that concerned with the metaphysical presuppositions of ethics. With a note that is definitely Aristotelian he tells us that there is evidently no sharp break between individual and social ethics:

> A man's individual values are to a very great extent socially conditioned, while social occurrences and social institutions, for their part, possess values only because, in the last analysis, they affect and are judged by individuals.

It is to be remarked that at this point our author makes a new approach. In his treatment of individual ethics he is content to be without fixed and eternal standards. In his approach to problems of special ethics he discovers that the distinction between right and wrong is quite independent of personal evaluation. Here is what he has to say about the problem of social justice:

> The disposition to evaluate and decide between competing claims without reference to the mere identity of the claimant is characteristic of the man whom we call just. *Whatever else justice may connote, it implies at very least a stern objectivity.* (The italics are mine.)

He further warns us that the just society is a society in which the satisfaction of claims and the distribution of goods "is settled on some objective principle irrespective of questions of personal identity alone". The reader may well ask: If the distinction between right and wrong is objective in social ethics, is it objective also in individual ethics? From the first part of the book it appears that our author would answer that question in the negative. From the time of Aristotle to our own day every realist would reply to it with a strong affirmative. The Greeks, the mediaevalists, the modern scholastics assert the reality of right-and-wrong in every domain of ethics.

In the first part of his treatment of special ethics, the author covers familiar ground, discussing such classical problems as the basis of political authority, the locus of sovereignty, the metaphysics of government, the questions of monarchy, democracy, anarchism, communism and syndicalism, guild socialism and political pluralism. Then he comes to grips with political actualities and analyzes our business civilization. He sets forth the advantages of capitalism, turns then to the other side of the picture and discusses the waste and sabotage that are involved in a capitalistic organization of society, and ends by expressing the issue as a choice between two alternatives, reform *versus* revolution. "Can the faults of capitalism be corrected within the framework of capitalism itself or will nothing short of a demolition of capitalism suffice?" He warns us that his discussion of the subject is intended only to formulate the question in philosophical terms, not to provide an immediate solution of it. "The finding of an adequate answer will doubtless be one of the severest tasks with which students of social ethics . . . will be faced."

In the section dealing with the metaphysical presuppositions of ethics he begins by assuming Good as a primary indefinable. "The meaning of 'good' is intuited dynamically as a potential and desirable end of action, and as the actions which it invites are performed or left unperformed, whether actually or in imagination, the meaning which an individual attaches to 'good' undergoes, for better or worse, a development." This means that "good" is not objective, not real, not something outside of, and independent of, the thinking self. Against this evalution of the meaning of the word "good", every philosophy of realism cries out in protest.

In criticism of the book in general, it is to be pointed out that the whole tone of the work is provocatively modern, in the sense that whole areas of ethical thought are left untouched. Aquinas and the entire scholastic contribution to ethical philosophy are passed over in silence. Christian ethics, with its wealth of mediaeval study, is represented by less than ten pages, and the illative faculty, as put forward in Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, is accepted as typical and discussed as "a convenient philosophical approach to the meaning and possible truth of Christian doctrine".

In another particular the author seems to provoke a legitimate criticism. He divorces Greek ethical thought from the ethics of Christianity. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle are linked with humanism, and are not referred to at all in the section dealing with Christian ethics. Despite the author's assertion that the four cardinal Greek virtues – temperance, courage, wisdom, and justice – were none of them fitted to the stern requirements of the Christian way of life, the fact remains that all attempts to classify the Christian virtues and to systematize the principles of the Christian moral life go back to Plato or to Aristotle or to both.

Add to this the further fact that Aquinas, in his formulation of the Christian ethics, employed the Aristotelian structure of concepts as rigidly as the modern engineer uses the principles of mathematics to construct his bridges and his skyscrapers. The mode of life which we call Christian came to the West with the ethics of the Old and the New Testament, the ethics of Plato and the East, the ethics of Aristotle and the later Hellenism. Accepted by Western men on the basis of tradition and fulfilled function, those various ethical systems were fused into one great cultural whole, the ideals of which have dominated the West for nearly two thousand years.

This great historical fact our author seems to forget. His book is valuable in so far as it stimulates students and provokes readers to examine the philosophical reasons of the institutions by which they live. But in claiming that "from a critical point of view no authority, human or divine, is absolute, for it is dialectically possible to challenge the truth of any significant principle whatever", the author is following the Cartesian example of divorcing the subjective and the objective sides of life. Truth, therefore, is a matter of opinion, and ethical truth becomes a matter of personal value. On such doubtings does modern philosophy exist. Of them it will inevitably die.

CHAS. F. RONAYNE

Daring Young Man*

JOHN BEEVERS, under the pseudonym "Roderick Random", until recently wrote a *causerie* on "Books and Men" for *Time and Tide*, the English weekly edited by the lively feminist Lady Rhondda. These regular contributions were marked by a plain distaste for the more excessive manifestations of modernism. From these pieces Roderick Random might have been judged to be a person of fairly wide reading in contemporary literature (in the sense that all reviewers must be), not too much taken in by the changing enthusiasms with which the English book-world, in common with the American, convinces itself that some real issue motivates its weekly pronouncements. "Here," one might have said, "is an individual in whom native good sense is not entirely obliterated; whatever the consciously held fundamentals by which he makes his particular judgements, these judgements are not too often wide of the mark." The appearance of *World Without Faith* from behind the literary skirts of *Time and Tide* makes necessary a somewhat different estimate. There can no longer be any doubt concerning his fundamentals, and his reading is not remarkable even for his years – which prove to be twenty-three.

In his defects rather than in his virtues lies this young man's importance. He protests much that he does not run with the crowd, that he is an individual and as such exercises his right to think for himself, but he is a typical product of his time, and if he eschews the fashionable intellectual dress, there is much of fashionable Bohemianism in what he does put on. The world of Master Beevers's title is a world he hopes for; there is too much faith in the modern world, as he sees it, and this is because there is not sufficient use of reason. Reason, it soon becomes plain, is the Enlightenment's variety; it is the working of any sceptical and anti-traditional mind. Prompted by the peculiar light of this reason, Master Beevers says:

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* WORLD WITHOUT FAITH *by John Beevers* (HAMISH HAMILTON, London. 314 pp. 7/6).

> . . . I'd sooner be shot than proclaim any too positive a creed – anything that might tempt people to believe in it. I do not want any more belief in the world than we've got at the moment. The less we have of it the better. We are being damned by ideologies and this is not meant as an addition to their number.

Be sceptical, be tentative, says Master Beevers; just let pure and disinterested reason play over the facts (it is not quite clear how one gets hold of facts, but Master Beevers is sure he knows the way), just be tolerant and at peace with yourself, recognize how different each man is from his neighbour, avoid being fooled by priests and fascists, then this modern mess will clear up in short order. These do not sound exactly like the admonitions of a man not running with the crowd; they sound like the old familiar cries which issue hebdomadally from the liberal critics, even those of them who are now of the tribe of Marx.

In agreement with a number of these thinkers, Master Beevers finds the source of modern disillusionment in the Reformation and the scientific theories of the nineteenth century. Both he takes to have been steps in the right direction; what he objects to is the contemporary tendency to raise new faiths because we cannot stand up to the uncomfortable facts established by science. Disillusion, he says, is the proper thing; disillusion is perfectly agreeable if you are happy (at least that tautology is the implication of what he says). Master Beevers was at one time unhappy in his disillusion, but largely through the "repeated shocks of the physical act" with his wife (not at that time his wife) became happy in it within a year (p. 300). Still Master Beevers is no Laurentian: after briefly explaining how we have come into our present situation, he passes to the consideration of literature today, which he sums up in the figures of Eliot, Joyce, and Lawrence, reserving his choicest vituperation for the last. His egotism and his personal references are the things that chiefly merit censure in Master Beevers's treatment of Lawrence. To be sure, he shows small understanding of Lawrence's relation to his era, but that is a natural result of misunderstanding the era. Lawrence, says Master Beevers, "was no more a naked flame than a tin of treacle is". There is no great wisdom in that, especially when it is said because Lawrence is supposed to have been "appalled" by the sharpness and definiteness of scientific truth, but in an isolated way it is true enough to bear repeating.

Mr. Eliot is also found to be fleeing from the hard cold scientific world — into the church, of course; that is one of the great dogmas of modern criticism. But Master Beevers does not stop there; he finishes off Mr. Eliot once and for all by convicting him of the crime against the *Zeitgeist* Itself: he is a fascist. The poet's infamies do not end there (a fascist is capable of anything, of course); he is also an anti-Semite, once having expressed some doubts that freethinking Jews in numbers add to a community's stability. Mr. Eliot has come to this terrible pass because he has refused to follow the inner light; "the one thing that could have saved him and the thing that would have come from himself – the essentially *personal* solution – this is the thing at which he sneers". Master Beevers is then directed by his own inner light to place Mr. Eliot in the company of Hitler, Mussolini, and Mosley, and go on to the destruction of James Joyce, who well deserves it for avoiding in the slums of Dublin the new world of science.

His chapter on "Art" Master Beevers prefaces with this statement: "I have never painted and, academically speaking, I am completely ignorant of art – painted, drawn, and plastic." His subsequent statements confirm this, though occasional perspicacious remarks are borrowed from other commentators on art. After "Art" comes "The Machine". Science has produced the machine, and in Master Beevers's opinion people tend to look on the machine just as they look on science: they want to escape it, they are afraid of it.

> What I want to stress though is that this fear of the machine is dangerous because it leads people to look around for a bulwark against its defence (*sic*). And they always find some kind of spiritual (i.e. irrational) force. . . . A man who has an unreasoning fear of the machine is only too ready to welcome in its entirety any creed – political or religious – of which only one plank of its platform is an attack on machinery. It may be Fascism, Catholicism, or merely Spiritualism – whatever it is it is a bar to the rational advance of civilization. We are out-

growing the need for any form of spiritual support. We shall ultimately want to stand on our own feet.

As for "Chesterton and his crew" on the machine, Master Beevers will not listen to them; he plainly has not read them. However, he has read the quarterly *Scrutiny*, and under cover of meeting its not entirely impregnable hostility to industrialism, vents his dislike of its editors and contributors, who seem not to have appreciated him when he was at Cambridge. As a contributor to the late A. R. Orage's *New English Weekly*, he perhaps sees the solution to the problem of the machine in Major Douglas's system; but he does not say so overtly, for even he must be aware that that would sound very much like a declaration of faith.

Fascism Master Beevers soon puts in its proper place. "It is the anger of men who feel that learning has knocked away all the props of their old beliefs. . . . Learning's virtues are the blackest vices of Fascism." While the latter would seem to qualify Master Beevers as a thorough fascist, he will have none of its "masochistic joy in abasement before a superior, in surrender of one's personal will", but calmly will face, alone, a world without faith, high on his superior and solitary eminence, judging the world by the "facts of psychology and anthropology". Naturally, Master Beevers is not much more inclined to accept communism; he has "nothing but an amused smile for dialectical materialism"; but if it were to come to a choice between communism and fascism, he would plump for the former, since, whatever you may say against it, it does have a noble ideal. This is illuminating; the choice *will* come to something very like it, and Master

Beevers will find that his moth-eaten remnants of liberal thought are easily exchanged for communist thought, and he will be happy.

He is, on his own testimony, happy right now. "Why am I writing this book? Because I am happy. . . . No one has a right to produce a book unless he is happy." The statement seems rather too general; idiots and certain psychopaths are happy too. I do not mean to suggest that Master Beevers is idiotic or distressingly psychopathic; he is merely an ignorant and arrogant young man who has written a book not only because he is happy but also because he wants to "write books, make money, and try and run papers". There would certainly be no reason to review his book at this length if there were no more significance in it than the foregoing might suggest, but, as has been said, his defects are his importance, and he proclaims with youthful crudeness what his elders put more subtly. This daring young man is at times rather painful to watch on his intellectual trapeze, but he does have the unintended merit of giving the whole show away very nicely.

There remains but one more thing for which to take Master Beevers to task, and that is his ingratitude. The style of the passages quoted from him may have, for some readers, a reminiscent cadence, though but faintly so, and then perhaps seeming to be only a trick of memory. However, Master Beevers himself mentions Wyndham Lewis, and thus points, whether he intends to or not, to the source of his style. Probably he does not intend to, for he remarks that Mr. Lewis's services to civilization have been doubtful; that would seem the most unkindest cut of all. Yet one might justify it, in a way, by holding that Mr. Lewis had been of doubtful service in providing a model that gave scope to such ineptitude and blatancy as Master Beevers's.

GEOFFREY STONE

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE AMERICAN REVIEW, published 10 times a year at Camden, New Jersey, for October 1, 1935. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marvin McCord Lowes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Seward Collins, 231 West 58th Street, New York City; Editor, Seward Collins, 231 West 58th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Marvin McCord Lowes, 231 West 58th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, 231 West 58th Street, New York City; Seward Collins, 231 West 58th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 2 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARVIN McCORD LOWES,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1935.
HARRY F. SCHWENK. *Notary Public.*
[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1936.)